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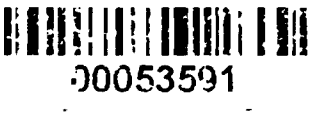

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THE DAWN IN BRITAIN

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The Dawn in Britain

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'TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA'

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BOOK XXI

And having beene with acorns alwaies fed ;
The Tears of the Muses ; 590.

ARGUMENT

CARATACUS is led to the Roman *forum*; where is sitting the emperor Claudius, with Agrippina. Cæsar receives a message from his daughter Octavia. He pronounces, that shall not die Caratacus: he pardons him and all his house. Sudden tumult of Gauls in Rome; which is appeased, by Briton king Caratacus.

All South Britain is now a Roman Province. Only Silurians remain unsubdued. Chuchid, last son of Moelmabon, leads forth their warlike youth. He overthrows Roman cohorts. Tidings are brought to Britain, of Claudius' death. Nero rules.

Cuan chants, of the New Life, in Alban. There Amathon hath now tiding, of his son's death. He dies. Herfryd with their child Rosmerta, was gone forth to minister to Kowain. When might her wains no further pass; she journeys on, afoot, with the child and her nurse. They hear then a land-cry; that Maglos, Hælion and prince Kowain are fallen!

By night-time, those come to that burned place; where newly Kynan buried Britain dukes. Kowain's grave is found. Terror falls upon them, in the next night; and they hastily remove. The women's weary and deadly march. In that long path Caltra dies, the child's nurse. Herfryd, at length, descended from Mendip, comes to border of Avalon's mere; which, for flood, she cannot now pass. Longtime she calls; but none there hears her bitter crying. She travails in the

night, and bears a deadly babe. Rosmerta waking, at dawn, finds her mother cold; in whose dead bosom is laid a new-born babe. Dylan, hearing the child's voice, swims to her, from Avalon shore. His sons row over their bark; and laid their lady dead, therein; they ferry again to Alban. Lamentation for Herfryd.

War-worn Britain now hath rest, three years; whilst unwarlike Nero rules. Deceased is also the duke Ostorius, in his charge. Suetonius, the new legate, marches against Mona. Romans, scattered the defending Britons, cut-down their sacred groves.

Boudicca's great revolt. King Prasutagos dead, the quæstor's servants, entered the royal dune, put all to sack. The queen is beaten with rods; the royal daughters are outraged. Prasutagos' herdfolk, who come in from upland, heard that tiding, overrun and slay those Romans. Queen Boudicca's complaint. The land-cry is raised. A multitude of Britons arrive: which grown to great angry host; Boudicca leads them forth, now the third morrow, driving in her royal chariot. To Camulodunum, is their dread march. There Roman veterans take again their disused arms: but prodigies have amazed their fearful hearts. They flee to temple of Claudius; where soon raging Britons have them enclosed. At midnight, an earthquake shakes those temple-walls.

THE DAWN IN BRITAIN

BOOK XXI

Lo, to the *forum*, Rome's chief market-place,
They now arrive; where sits, in curule state,
He, to whose nod the world obeys and Romans.
With Cæsar, Agrippina sits; who vaunts
Her blood illustrious of the imperial house.
(This, his fourth wife, is sister to mad Gaius
Caligula, dead; Germanicus' progeny both:
Being niece to her incestuous husband Claudius!)
Her throne, lo, little lower made than his.
But ox-faced Messalina, for her crimes,
(She common sink of all was lewd in Rome;
Whence Venus Cloacina, named of Romans,
In scorn!) ere three years had, consenting Claudius,
The imperial slave Evodos put to death;
Smiting her, which she, infamous, well deserved;
With glaive, in those magnific gardens, where-
Of seized, by bloody fraud, she newly was;

Gardens of Asiaticus Valerius,
Rich consular ; friend-companion ere to Claudius,
In his renowned Britannic enterprise :
For she it coveting ; of those drivelling lips,
Of Claudius ; which, in colling him, then she kissed,
Thrice falsely kissed, obtained Valerius' death !
  How stands then, with fixt eyeballs, Caradoc !
Who stern regards, beyond the purple wretch,
In Cæsar's stall, on that high temple-rock !
And draws his beard, through his high warlike hand.
He looketh him, lo, about, to-day as Brennus,
Whose seed he is, looked, yore, on vanquished
    Roma !
Whence, in his totty poll, much marvelling Claudius,
Whose pate aye wavereth, as a flickering leaf ;
And nodding poppy seems his ruddy face ;
Through an interpreter, the cause requires.
  Then Britons' godlike king Caratacus ;
Who aspect bears of high heroic worth ;
Though smitten down, before strong gods of Rome ;
With far-resounding voice of his vast chest,
And royal frankness ; using Latin speech,
(Which Verulam him taught, in his first youth,
Whereas dwelled many Gaulish fugitives ;)
Responds, I did bethink me, Claudius,

Of my Sire's clemency, from whom I, in Britain,
Am fourteenth king; (and well could I them name,
From sire to son:) that, when was partly burned
This city, in antique wars, a remnant spared;
Which famine, in yond sacred *arx* endured;
Rock and high fane of greatest Roman gods!
Where I, myself, have also offered gifts;
Which sent Cunobelin, for the peace of Britain.
Gods, which made you so great, have cast us down!
Voice of the captive king, like warlike trump,
Resounds, in marble Rome! Nor Caradoc changed
His countenance; nor his royal looks abased.
And, quoth he; Romans! whilst I viewed, from hence,
Your palaces, your gilded temple-roofs,
I MARVELLED, YE COULD COVET OUR POOR COTES!
Looks on, with rheumy eyes; and admires, Claudius,
The integrity of the man, and noble speech:

And rolling heedful thoughts, with various mood,
Falls gleam in him, as of some old remembrance!
That this the same, the stature and the man;
(Though blanched, in thrice three troublous years, his hairs,)
From Britain came, in Gaius' days, to Rome;
In embassage, from island king Cunobelin.
Yea; and by the valour of whose only arm,
He, Claudius, lives. Was this, who smote those murderers,
Camillus Furius and Vinicianus,
Young, senators both; that drinking, of one cup,
Their mingled blood, gainst his imperial state;
(Which tablets manifested, with them found,)
Conspired! And oft, towards Embla, glancing Claudius;
And gazing on their little daughter's face,
Refigures, in this child, her father's looks;
Such as he was. Brast out, at foot of Claudius,
That little royal maid, at length, to weep!
Desire of glory, as rheum, in his blear eyes,
Springs evermore, in Claudius' impotent breast;
Which praise would have, of tongues, in ribald Rome.
He lord of hundred, all-world conquering, legions,
He himself esteems less worth, in secret breast,

Than this great captive king Caratacus;
So godlike rich, in all the gifts of Nature;
In war so great, gainst him, unjust, and Romans.
What glory it were, in grace of his great merit;
Pardon this captive king an enemy's death!
  In that, is told, a chamberlain brought up tablets,
To the high hand of Cæsar, from Octavia,
His daughter dear; (but now not happy wife
Of the young Nero:) wherein, hastily writ,
Reads Claudius; She, which led is in the street,
I have seen, is Briton Embla; which, in time
Past, friend was of my maidenhood, in Rome.
I knew not, till I marked the child so like her,
That Embla espoused had king Caratacus.
Then I, a Briton servant sent unto her;
Have this now ascertained, of her own mouth.
Father, beseech thee, save them both from death!
  Is told, how also Embla message sought
Send to Octavia, from the prison vault,
But could not; was her little not enough
Vile gaoler bend to deed of gentleness.
  Clamour, gin bloody Romans; This alone
Discouraged the army! Away with him to death!

But Cæsar beckons, that their cries should cease.
He cheerfully then regarding, that great Briton,
Who, as bound lion, mongst hunters, stands, spake Claudius;
Thou shalt not surely die, Caratacus!
Whom FRIEND, ere wars in Britain, named our Senate.
Hark, commands Cæsar; Offsmite the king's chains!
And thereto, That his brethren's bonds were loosed.
Claudius grants pardon, then, to all his house.
From hence, the imperial sergeants shall them lead,
To hostel; where the nations' embassades lodge,
Guests of the people of Rome. The Britons' diet,
Be also at charges of the public chest.
And where, in Italy, list Caratacus,
There might he freely dwell; but taking oath,
(And these,) to Rome, of fealty; and shall they pass
No more the Alps. Great is our Claudius! shout

Then all Rome's pickthank parasites, hark! from street
To street. Live Clemency! Live Caratacus!
But tumult hearken! and fast thronging feet!
Run, in the *forum*, frantic rushing wights,
That cleave, with chant of Gauls, the Roman press.
Seem, by their stature, and long yellow locks,
Some slaves, whose grandsires carried away Julius,
Captives, from Britain. Standing those to view,
That pomp erewhile of Britons, slowly pass,
Sorrow did wring their hearts, to think on Brennus!
Whose songs live, in their mouths, from sire to son.
Be other seen with these, Italic Gauls;
Nay, are some even soldiers of prætorian cohorts!
And all have crowned, to death, their furious brows!
Those *Brenhin!* cry out, *Brenhin* Caradoc!
For thee, we die; in whom lives spirit of Brennus:
Sharp weapons seen are glittering in their hands.
Sits Claudius on, in peril; and was changed
His ruddy hew to wan. Caradoc, uplifting
His little maiden child, in all men's viewing;
What, hold! cries he, (great-voiced, like trumpet throat,
In Britons' tongue,) your hands! So saves, in Rome,
This second time, the life of Cæsar Claudius.

Run Almains' guard then; that, with barbare spears,
Closed fiercely round, disarm those desperate ones.
Kill, kill them; hale to torment and the cross!
Cry angry yelling Romans. The *imperator*,
Had, (partly also risen in his see!)
Looked, where might he and Agrippina fly.
Howbeit, seeing all again brought to good pass;
He asks of Britons' king, What mean these men?
To *arx* Capitoline, temple of Rome's gods,
Lifting then hand! responds Caratacus;
He deems, some oathbound ones: such headlong heats,
Wherein they retchless cast away their lives,
Common infirmity is of Gauls and Britons!
As he this day, by clemency lives of Claudius;
He prays, that they, with him, to die for Claudius,
Might live. This those shall swear before the gods.
And Cæsar grants; yet asks of this word Brennus,
Heard in their crying. It declares a Gaul,
(One of the interpreters, which at Cæsar's footstool,
For the affairs of nations, dwell in Rome;)
Chant druids, descended is the spirit of Brennus,

In this, Isle Britain's king, Caratacus;
Whom Cæsar pardoned, of his only grace.
Though, in the painted theatres, Claudius pleased
Be throes of dying wights, to see; men fight
With men, and perish, cast to bloody beasts;
Yet, for opinion, which to-day, him seems,
Raised of his glory and high felicity,
And magnanimity, pardons all those Claudius,
As Gauls run mad. They now disarmed and cold,
Submit them, humbly kneeling before Cæsar!
Only, yet somewhat panting, Agrippina,
For the past fear, shows evil countenance.
Well would she, had all damned Claudius to be dead.
Yet, for licentious Nero's mother is,
In whom the blood of Julia and Antony flows;
Kindle, neath amorous eyelids, with desire,
Her teeming veins; seeing how kneel unto her,
(Her reverently saluting, after Cæsar!)
Comely young men, well-statured as the gods.
(Impatient of his life, this Agrippina;
That Nero might, her cuckoo son, soon rule;
Shall, in his mushrooms, venim give to Cæsar:
Wherefore determine Roma's greatest gods,
Forewitting, fearful unheard judgment on her.
Whose end shall be, by that son Parricide!)

But Britain, whilst these things be done in Rome,
Is like to man, upon whose feet hath seized,
And on his belly, some extreme disease;
So that half-dead, and without hope, he lies.
Are all South marches, now twixt Thames and Severn,
Become a Roman Province. Midland tribes
Disarmed, yield tribute: only unvanquished rest
Silures; whose war-youth upgrown in time
Of Roman wars, now Chuchid leads. Is this
Last son of great king-warrior Moelmabon;
Who stricken in years, and since the timeless death
Of Maglos, in his hall, blind, bed-rid, lies!
And Cerix, fighting for his foster-gods,
Finished his course; which like to river tossed,
O'er high brink; that is broken in dim reek,
Beneath. And were, from pyre, his cinders laid,
Under swart mould; where all who run shall rest!
Kindles Silures' heart then published voice,
Of Roman dukes; Should be their name cut-off!
And how decreed Rome's Senate, plant their remnant,
In Gaul's mainland. Marched headlong, from Caer-
went,
Like angry hornets, in the smoke; and met
With cohorts, that relieve the garrison towers,
They them o'errun, in that they *vallum* cast:

And put, with fury, to the sword, all Romans,
Which fall, into their hands. The sixth day's march;
Wherein they grown now were, to a main army;
They overthrow a legion's stedfast ranks;
(And hew down, in long bloody rows, Rome's cohorts!)
The rest, till night, pursue, in dreadful chace.
Of Romans, in the Isle, these days, in arms,
Fell a sixth part! Sends Chuchid, through all tribes,
Their captive ensigns. Shaped like scourge, o'erhangs
Behold, new comet star, the island night!
And druids chant; This should chace the Romans forth!
Flags Rumour his vast wings, uplifted, fill
The air his whistling pens, with whisper dread;
Is, in men's ears, derne bruit of Cæsar's death.
Imperial messengers put-on, day and night,
To furthest Provinces of great sovereign Rome.
The fourteenth day, vast Alps and sea o'erpassed,
Ostorius, in far Britain, tiding hath;
That deceased Claudius, Cæsar now is, Nero!

The duke no more, to field, his war-wont cohorts
Leads; till the certitude might be known of this:
Whether unwarlike Cæsar, that now is,
As repute many, will withdraw his legions.
Then was, whilst Britain's warlike soil hath rest,

Immense new disadventure fell on Romans,
Such as not heard, since great Rome founded was.
Perished six cohorts of the fourteenth legion,
Victrix of Britain, named, and Gaulish horse.
Long fiery drought was, in those Summer days;
When, lo, revoked from field, the cohorts march;
Till that sun's setting, o'er a wide waste moss.
Loud trumpets sound then, Lodge! and soldiers, labouring,
Night-fence of dyke and *vallum* round them cast;
(For dread those always Chuchid and blue Britons:)
And sith, of boughs, men gathered in the path;
Made hearths, they kindle now their supper fires.
Creeps yawning slumber on them, after meat;
For weary are, in Summer heat, their joints;
Long going, in rough ways, in wilds, and brakes.
Seem the dark heavens, over their dying fires,
Vast tent, wherein they rest; and the night's lamp
This comet-star. Few wake, with drowsing sense;
Towards mid of night, strange smell their nostrils smites,
Of burning! Men run crying, then through camp,
Of the night-watch; anon, sound out loud clarions!
Men shake, to waken, their companion soldiers.
Now is every hearth a smouldering pit, beneath:

And cannot those deep hidden fires be quenched.
Waxed bleak then swart Italic visages ;
When they deep turven all discern that ground !
Those fear here dwell ; they dread much more to
march :
Lest sink their feet, through crust as brickle ice,
To fiery deep and Phlegethon, beneath.
In that the starry heavens' wide crystal bent,
Smote Taran, thunder-god, that rattled wide ;
And fling seemed three-forked lightnings, from his
hand !
And kindles rife around, the peaty sod ;
And rose, on that dim field, dry rushing wind.
Their *castrum*-fosse, eftsoon, flames, like a wall,
About them. Seized then panic fear, on Romans,
Seen all this mould a-flame ; and they cut-off,
From safety. Niger, tribune, blew loud note ;
The assembly! Made short speech then to his
soldiers,
Sitting, well seen of all, on his tall horse.
Let all, as many, he cries, as can, 'scape forth!
Only not cast their arms; for we are soldiers.
Vain words! he captain, mongst first dazing throngs,
Of rushing Romans sought, but might not pass,
Though mounted on strong steed, his *castrum* port ;

Whence whirls red-flaming mouth back of night-wind.
He must return, where yet is living breath.
  As furious cattle, hunted in a pen;
Run hither, thither, frantic yelling soldiers!
Fire, eachwhere, glows, in camp, from the sere earth;
And shouldered is to heaven, of this night-wind;
That heaven a kiln! earth smoulders, neath men's
    feet;
Wherethrough some fall: is in whose anguished
    flesh,
Then passion, each life's moment, of long age!
They do consume, as whole-burned sacrifices.
Other, which fallen are on the reeking mould;
Breathing that sulphurous fiery fume, dismayed;
Writhe, dying bodies, seized-on of wild flames.
  Then Niger, then centurions slew themselves,
Riving their gorge; or, through their withered bowels,
Chacing short glaives. Now, now vast soaring huge,
Above the cohorts' camp, destruction roars!
Nor hope is left. Where least then flaming heat,
Few rest armed soldiers; that feel their helmed brows
Burst! feel their bodies baken, in their harness.
Then ere more fearful death them overtake,
Romans, they last, with iron, invade their lives!
  Chuchid's forerunners; which lay nigh, that night,

In woody hill, being waked of some which watch ;
This immense burning of the Roman camp,
Beheld ! heard yell of dying enemies,
Aye, and sough of flames ; as murmur, some sea-cliff
Beyond, of flood. They marvel, they cry out !
Praising the Britons' high avenging gods :
For was this death's night of great Antethrigus !
Few Romans were, as fingers of man's palms ;
Which, on fleet steeds, wrath of the element,
Half-scorcht, outrode ; even towards them, that bare shape,
Of human kind. But those, abhorring Romans ;
Because men, which stretch to them suppliant hands ;
(So left Dunwallon, in his laws ; observed
Of Britons' tribes !) become as sacred guests,
They might not kill ; those bind them, in wild forest,
To trees : and leave to die of famishment,
And teeth of wolves, those wolves of men and Romans !
Month-long, was all that heath, as burning hearth,
Men say, league-wide, house-deep ; where sunk the cohorts.
And the burnt field, (where ofttimes, after rain,
Be yet seen men's white bones and crumpled harness,
And Roman arms,) the Legion's Pyre, was named.

Now Nero rules, the SECOND ANTICHRIST.
But weary thou, to sing of battle-gods ;
Turn, Muse, the tenor of thy warlike string ;
And it, to chant, accord, with heavenly voice,
The deep sweet things of Christ ; who, of the earth,
Great Morning Light, is risen on Utmost Britain !
Over the watery holms, of sacred Alban,
Are the Lord's eyes ; and open Heaven's ears,
Are to His people's prayers. Lo, to Christ's saints,
There gather fugitive Britons, as wont bees,
To Summer flowers. Amongst them dwells lord Amathon ;
And eat, of the old bountiful sire's hearth,
All whoso will. Ofttimes, in Joseph's house,
He sits ; and joys hear sing, like soaring lark,
Cuan, Christ's Peace, to dreaming instrument ; from
Whose strings, as sparks from stith, spring words of light.
Son of ALL-POWER ; the womb-born God, His BREATH,
With Truth, these days, descended to the earth ;
And LOVE, in the beginning, was with God.
Like doves, they light down, from the heavenly towers !

When spended God the crystal firmament ;
And hanged therein stars' ever-brenning lamps ;
And gathered lands, and seas, to lowest place :
He, formed all flesh ; and, therein, Spirit of life,
Breathed. Bountiful, fair, delectable, was that
First world : but entered, Enemy of God,
Foul Death ; him vanquished hath man-saving Christ.
This old Dumnonian lord, which erst received
Christ's shipwrecked saints ; ere Roman wars yet wasted
Had fields of Summer Land, and Isca burned ;
Is lean, cast down and fades his ruddy hew.
Void is and cold, as bird's forsaken nest,
His heart for Kowain. In some peril reads
The sire, (made divination,) lies his son.
For his unlusty age, laments he then ;
Which, as a frost, so stiffens his dull joints,
He cannot handle glaive ; else he would forth,
As in his youth, to field, in battle-chariot.
He calls that day to mind ; when he smote down,
Riding with Kamloc, king, in one swift scythe-cart,
Lothur ; who inroad, (man of immense force,)
Made, with six pirate-keels, from Sacred Erinn :
Which seen, his caterans turned to flight ; and great
Laud also he acquired : and battle-chant,

Amergin made thereof; that time, chief bard,
And singer in kings' halls, in Summer Land.
  Are these consuming sorrows, daily smart,
Which fret his flesh, and drinketh up his spirits.
But when he captive hears Caratacus,
He looseth breath! Lived not long after this,
(Sorrow hath pierced him, in his latter days!)
The sire. He, of some fugitives come now in,
Ah, father, hears, was slain his only son!
Nor wots he, if Herfryd, great with Kowain's child,
Were saved; when, Rock of Duffreynt, fell his son:
There can him none assure, where she became.
  He bade then Dylan, knap his staff atwain.
It brake that faithful hind, in equal parts:
This part the sire commends, to righteous Joseph;
That other takes to Hyn, the magistrate;
And bade him hang, in Brigida's sacred house;
In token, thus to his children he departs,
And to the people of Joseph's God, his goods;
In trust to feed the poor, after his death.
  Fainting all day, died Amathon sire, at eve.
At morrow's setting sun, poor Alban folk,
(Polled their long hair-locks; and with clay-smutched
    faces,
In sign of mourning,) making great lament,

Follow, in hundred osier barks, his corse.
They bury Amathon dead, beyond the mere.

Herfryd, sprung of the valorous royal house
Of Golam, lords of antique Moridunion ;
With wains, had journeyed forth, when Kowain marched.
She passed through coasts of Ordovican Britons :
And their loved child Rosmerta, with her, rides ;
Child, which ere healed the shipwrecked man of God.
But Kowain, hasting towards Caratacus,
Had, on the Icknield way, her wheels forepassed.
So long she went, with hasting heart of love ;
Till, mongst the cragged wastes of Deheubarth,
For wheels and teaméd beves, is no more trode.
Down-lighting then, she with her servants, leaves
Those beasts and her slow wains; on neck sith lays
Of Greth, strong painful thrall, few needful things.
And Caltra, with her, the child's nurse ; they both,
Twixt them Rosmerta lead : and sue still trace
Unwont to this, upon their tender feet,
Of that ascending host. The third sun riseth
Now, over cleft, where had they, weary, slept,
In thorny brakes ; then shouted heard through laund,
(Such, in their ears, as surges' bitter sound,

To drenching wight) Is fallen prince valorous
Maglos,
In battle, and Hælion, and fell Amathon's son;
And all the host is cast away and slain!
Seemed then, as axe cleaved Herfryd's heart in
twain;
Her knees fail, daze her eyes, and sleeps her sense:
But her, that wonder-working God of Joseph,
Sustains. She did not swoon: but kneeled down,
weary;
And sighing deep, was all that living gold,
Of her long hair-locks, loost, sprent, on the ground,
With dust and leafy moss: in heart she prays,
Spreading, towards habitation of high gods,
Her trembling widow's palms; that might, soon
laid
Her corse be, in one mould, with Kowain slain.
Her sobs brast forth; she, piteously then weeps.
On slumbering Rosmerta, fall burning drops.
The wakening child; what ails her mother, asks?
Sad Herfryd stinted then, and hid her moan;
(Though seemed her chest an iron band constrain,)
Till day she make, for Kowain, funerals.
She kissed Rosmerta; and sith she said, her sire
Died, with the sword of glory in his hand!

He fell on highway of his foster gods ;
His spirit lives henceforth, mongst the holy stars !
They journey, slow and mourning, all that day ;
Following still Britons' trace, before them passed :
And seem the skies to lower ; and silent sits
Each bird on spray ; and soughs this wilderness :
And fail their hearts, within their feeble breasts ;
Whose busy thoughts, whilst they pace drooping forth,
Seem loud tongues in their ears, in the derne forest.
Past twilight, when now kindled the first stars ;
As upon ashen, tread their weary soles ;
And there salt smell of fire their nostrils pierced :
For are they reached, to fatal forest grove,
Which Kynan burned, who buried Briton dukes.
When cometh now up the sheen moon's goddess-face ;
Cliff-valley, all fúll of scorched swart stems, appears !
Casting long shadows dread ; and wroted earth,
Where men with men, to murderous death, contended:
And wide-strown writhen iron, and much burned bronze ;
In that night's bale-fire, which were Britons' arms ;
And banks of half-baked graves and carrion bones !
Alone, in horror of the frozen stars,
In this dread place, her dead sought Herfryd forth ;

Longtime, even where wolves, gnarring, with fell paws,
Dig ! She, with shut-up heart, each new-heaped earth,
Mongst blackened stubs, views ; nor yet any token,
Finds which was Kowain's : fainting she returns
Then, where Rosmerta, in Caltra's bosom sleeps.
And Greth, aye, valiant thrall, keeps watch, in arms,
Hearkening each sound ! Now bounden, his just brows,
With oaken spray ; he to his soul hath sworn,
Die, in thís his lady's and dear child's defence !
She sate her down ; she leaned her to a tree ;
And sighed, as seemed her weary heart should break.
But pitying heaven, steeped soon sad Herfryd's sense,
In the sweet slumbering dew of dreamless sleep.
Thus Herfryd slumbers, till new dawning ray :
When risen, she yonder sees, neath that ash tree ;
Whereto not raught bale-fire, three mounds, apart.
Are graves, wherein laid Ordovican Kynan
The Britons' dukes, ere yester, and passed forth.)
And Herfryd knew, by signs, who sleeps, beneath ;
Which, on the wild head-stones, king Kynan set :
There limned a wheel ; here image of a ship.
But an horned ox-skull, at this mid-mound's head,
Is token, lo, of the son of Amathon !
Of none needs Herfryd ask, Where Kowain laid ?

Lo, sitting, at her knees, Rosmerta weeps;
And mourn, with her, and strew the rest, with moss,
And leaves, the hero's grave, and flowery grass.
Herfryd lay weeping, on that mould, till eve.
Her heart is shut in sorrow and distress.
And as oft seen the crawling writhen roots,
Of forest beech, some wayside bank enfold;
So, numbed, her tender knitted limbs outstretched,
Cold sacred sod, of Kowain dead, enclose.
Sun sets: and drowse now all, by her, forwatched.
They, midnight, wake; for it is cold, in forest:
But, sent from heaven, then on their weary spirits,
Such horror falls; that, risen, they haste remove;
Lest they should fall, in cruel hands of Romans.
Trembling, they journey, backward, all that night.
Wide lies bleak moonlight o'er their former path.
Gainst dawn was, when strayed from them, in a glade,
That faithful hind, which aye behind them marched;
With shield, and spear, aye ready them to ward.
Longtime, till sun high climbs, they called and sought;
But they saw no more Greth: who, in some pit,
Where digged men, ere-year, ore of warlike iron;
(Which afterward was known,) amidst the fern,

Is suddenly fallen! and was his faithful life,
There, dasht to death. They weeping, as they went
Forth, reach back, now third morrow, to that place;
Where had they left the wains, under grey cliff;
And tethered beves left in nigh river's mead.
But might they not find these, how long they sought:
(Beasts, servants, wains, all reft away had Romans!)
Though fail, that have not tasted meat, their hearts;
Herfryd, with Caltra, upon her widowed feet,
Still hastes 'scape forth: they bearing, twixt them both,
Rosmerta; afraid of every leafy breath,
In hazel-bank. Those fear each thicket place;
In every brake is dread of ambushed wights.
They shudder, at each shrinking of the fern,
Whence scuds the startling hare. Heard sudden shrike,
Of woodwale, that flits forth, how quail their hearts!
The weary women's arms uphold, uneath,
Kowain's sweet child; that stooping, oft, those kiss.
Each one walks staying on a manly spear;
But they, of kind, two feeble women are.
At even, under green-wood eaves, they rest;
Where, for their hearts' cold dread, must one keep watch;
Dread of night-prowling bloody wolves, in forest.

Seldwhiles, they find, in some forsaken cote,
To lodge; or aught there, they might bake and eat;
And forth ere day, in dread to be bewrayed.
They so long gone, then, on way-weary feet;
That all their little wallet-store is spent.
Are hips and berries of wild wood their meat.
Fail now their limbs, gins Caltra deadly faint;
Consumed she is, in so long forest paths.

One dawn, when they did wake, she cannot rise.
The kindly heat fades from her swooning corse.
She, foster, as some nesting thrush, that flits
Over her fledgelings, crowded aye the best,
In her child's mouth; no morsels, to herself,
Reserved: each day, she hoped to be relieved.
She waked and sighs; and kissed that little maid
Her dying lips: and seemed still on her gaze,
The foster's unclosed eyes. Then Herfryd said,
The goddess' shaft hath stricken her, alas!

Long shining lock, as harvest corn, she cuts
Then off, from that clay-brow of Caltra cold;
To make, when they might come, to Amathon, home,
Remembrance of her, in loud funerals.
Draws Caltra's body, Herfryd's feeble force,
To some old loamy barrow, in bramble bank,
Of broc or fox. There, under hazel root,

She buried her, and sand o'erheaps and earth.
Sith went they twain on, weeping, in their path.
Herfryd's intent is now to Avalon, where,
And they might so far come, lives Kowain's sire.
Great is the way, and she nigh seven months gone,
With child, grows great now burden of her womb.
Spouse to the son of so rich Amathon;
Where winds blow out, she sleeps, and in the rain.
Green thicket is her bower; her hall, wild woods:
But of that spirit is Herfryd, whence, of yore,
Kings' houses sprang, mongst kindreds of the earth.
She recks but small, of her poor outward part,
And she might Kowain's children save from death!
Neath her stained mantle, in their weary rest,
She lulls Rosmerta, on her panting chest.
Naught she hath left; nor pity of her false gods!
Help finds she none; for Romans lately passed,
Have all before them reaved and burned and wasted.
Yet Thou, All-father, watchest o'er their path;
Pleased, that, in this dear child, Thine Holy Name
Should dwell, as altar's flame, in temple pure!
Cold sorrow wakes; aye dark grief sleeps, with her.
Her germain, Golam, fell ere, in the war;
Now her loved spouse have cruel Romans slain.

She fears wild beasts ; but from this highway, far,
They follow legions, and iron stink of gore.
All fretted is her weed, of thorns unkind ;
The shoon to-torn, on her wayfaring feet ;
That the healing tender herb doth clip and kiss.
Yet soars her spirit, as eagle from the cliff.
From league to league, when Herfryd fainting halts ;
What for her uncombed locks, tangled with moss ;
Her whiteness, where she leans, drooping, with grief ;
How is she, like some birchen stem, in forest,
In Winter season waste ; when, Autumn ended,
Few sere leaves rattle, on her sprays blown bare ;
The cruddled mist, weeps from her comely crest ;
And ragged all is seen her gentle rind !
She follows back, her people's upward trace ;
Of whom none homeward turn again, alas !
The blackened pits she finds, of her own hearths.
But Cotswold past, wayfaring, Herfryd, last,
From Mendip hills, descends. She gazing, thence,
Sees ; where, in forepast years, of Britain's peace,
Pastured the beves and ewes and hundred steeds,
Of Amathon sire. Now all ben scattered, lost :
His dune, his bowers and hall and granges burned.

And she, to help her, in her woman's need,
No woman hath, and nigh, she feels, her smart!

Sore, with long travel, stand her feet, at eve,
By Avalon's lyn; and now she can no more.
Ah, God! how these cold waters of the mere,
Sith days, increased be on the mead so wide.
Where way was ere, of beams, laid on the mire;
Now fry of fishes swim. Late flowed, in flood,
When tempest was, the river on the land.
Now Herfryd faints; and it soon will be night.
How is there none, ah, that doth Herfryd hear?
Who lifteth up, till latest eve, her voice!
None marks her bitter cry: she bark doth hear,
Of hound; now Alban's evening smoke sees mount,
Where each most wretched wight hath meat and warmth.
She, ah, heárs even the cornmuse, of shepherd-hinds;
But hears no man her weak holloa, alas!
Herfryd, night glooming, now; in her poor weed,
Rosmerta, hungry, laps to sleep. She marks
Then, nigh unto that place, some new-made grave;
And thinks her widow's heart, on Kowain cold.
She wist not, in that earth, lies Amathon dead;
Nor yet her sire is rotten, in his shroud!

So lays her down; and blows the bitter wind.
It is the boom of bittern, that she hears;
And whistle round her bed, these fenny reeds.
  Late, in that night, none comfort in her pangs,
Her saw, in travail, fall, unhelpful stars.
And little or bleak dawn, too early, alas!
She brought a man-child forth; and sighed, and passed.

  When smite first sunbeams, on Rosmerta's face,
The sweet child wakes, from long uneasy rest;
And she anon, sate up, her mother calls.
But Herfryd, yonder, without life and cold;
Mongst tumbled rushes lies! and, in her barm,
A babe, a little naked one, that weeps.
Are set the mother's eyes, that answers naught.
Rosmerta, child, loud wept! nor wist she, aught,
What thing is this! Loud weeps she, kissing oft
Her clay-cold lips. All, in her little smock,
The babe then lapped; and shrieking, to the lake,
Starts; though prick sedge, though cumber rush her feet,
Blindfoot, for grief, nor wots her passing grief.
  An herding man went down; it Dylan is,
Before his many-footed flock, at sun's

Uprist, from the holm's bent, to mere's green brinks ;
Where, daughter of the rain, springs sappy grass.
Anon, unto his aged ears, raught voice,
From o'er the lyn, is voice of child's distress.
Man, from his youth, right worthy ; straightway cast
His upper weed, wades Dylan strongly forth ;
For ready was no bark, as in that place :
But takes his crome, for doubt of some wild beast.
Sith swimming, he that heavy hindering wave,
With tough arms, hurls aside. Old is his flesh,
But evergreen his heart ; as aye wherein,
To man and Godward, embers glow of love.
Then shortly Dylan wins to reedy shore ;
And stumbling, from the miry shelves upgoes ;
And there, mongst sedges, finds a weeping child !
Rosmerta, through her cloudy tears, him knows,
Her grandsire's hird. She on good Dylan's knees,
Whose wife was Caltra, her dead foster-nurse,
Hath oftwhiles played. And this poor herdman's name,
To generations, yet unborn, shall come.
Such honour gives him Christ ; for he received,
Of Britons, first, His shipwrecked saints to land.
But knew not Dylan straight that little maid ;
That so baked in the sun, of briars to-torn,
And lean ; the hunger-starved dear child is seen.

Led by her hand, through sighing reeds, he finds
His lady, in childbed, ah ! of thicket grass.
Woe-worth ! the old hind mourns ; and when he hears
That Caltra, his wife, is dead, in the long path.
The gentle child, all sobbing rife, him tells,
(Who feels to faint his knees,) this careful case !
Lies Herfryd, like some lily of the mere,
Comely in the humiliation of her death ;
Mongst willow-herb, loose-strife and water-mints,
With with-wind, twined, and purfled sedges sweet ;
Where shine blue marish flowers, as gems of price.
And some tell ; Dylan found a roe come there,
From thicket side, to drink ; which licked the babe :
And, laid, with teary eyne, down her lithe flank ;
Did give, the while, it suck of her wild teats.
With loud What-ho ! then, fluting in his fist,
Wide o'er the mere, calls Dylan his stout sons,
Fetch quickly round the skiff, and ferry over !
Those eftsoons hear ; two young men run down light,
Upon that meadow's breast, to launch the bark.
They marvel, see go straying their sire's flock ;
And what he makes, on yonder fleeting brinks !
Gathered sheen store, in this, of waterlilies,
Broad leaves and ivory blooms ; them reverent laid
The herdman Dylan, o'er his lady dead.

Last this old servant, groaning, humbly kneels,
Her wounded feet to kiss; and weeps for Caltra:
Yet, erst, like little lamb, untimely cast,
Whose feeble plaint him, to the marrow, doles,
(His master's seed!) he reared that night-born babe;
And, in his bosom, huggles from the cold.
His aged breast seems travail with the child.
  In that, his sons great alder-trunk outrow,
Hollowed with fire and adze, to their rude need,
For ferry of ewes, betwixt these grassy holms;
That shoot seems, at each pulse of their strong arms.
He makes none answer; though, with shout, those ask,
Father, what ails thee? The young men, from bark,
Outleap; and silent when they see this sight,
Amazed, they stand! Is Kowain, Dylan spake,
Our lord, in battle dead; and in the path,
The mother Caltra, ere our lady, died!
  With sorrow slain, those stand, a little moment!
Then sobs, as that would rend their chests, break forth.
He, on his sons, they on their father weep.
The meadow-shore, their manly grief resounded.
It heard was o'er the mere; and men, from Avalon,

Run down ; and eftsoon the old herdman spake,
Weep not, as now, my sons, the mother dead.
But when have mourned, for Herfryd and for Kowain,
The people, all day ; and we, folded at even,
The ewes, come home to house, raise the lament!
Now bear we our lady, on boughs, unto the bark.
They erst, therein, strew bed of lily flowers ;
Sith lift they, reverent, Herfryd cold ; and laid,
In the boat's stem. Then, sitting, her beside,
(That bitterly laments,) the little maid ;
They row back, mourning, to the shore of Alban.
Much people, upon that grassy bank them wait.
Cometh Ithobal, with Barnaby and Aristobulus ;
(On whose head there a radiance seemeth to sit!)
These here wont walk, at dawn, in Summer season,
To pray. But nighing now the shepherds' bark,
Britons behold therein lie, without breath,
With lilies dight, ah! lady Herfryd's corse :
Then gazing-on, men mourn and women weep!
They bear up Herfryd, dead, to Brigida's house ;
Where the elder women, making shrill lament ;
Shall wash and wind their lady, to the grave.

But seen, in Dylan's barm, laid deadly babe ;
It young wives cherish. Much, in vain, they press,
Each, to her full warm paps ; for, ah, is passed,
That poor last blossom of lord Amathon's house.
Dead then they lay him, on dead mother's breast !
To-night, to lordship born of ere rich Amathon,
He, an hour, lacked warmth and kindly nourishment :
Wept ; and from this his little slough of earth,
Flitted his weary ghost. Rosmerta weeps,
That men shall grave her mother, in swart mould !
Sweet-smelling herbs, all on the bier she strews.
The people of Avalon, outlaws, fugitives,
All day make loud lament, round Brigida's house,
Till eve. In the long twilight, then, in barks,
They Herfryd follow forth. They bury her,
Where laid men lately Amathon, that good sire.
Sith ween the heathen folk ; they Herfryd seen
Have, as white swan, go swimming in the mere !
Rosmerta, led to Keina's temple-house ;
From hour to hour, twixt wake and sleep, she faints.
Her feeds that priestess of pure fire and light,
With honey and milk, warm from the sacred hearth ;
For weary is the little noble maid ;
What for long ways, past fear and evil fare,
To death : she cries out, in her dreams, till laid

Joseph, again, upon the orphan head,
Of Kowain's child, his healing hands! She tells,
How, in long wayfare, Caltra died, her nurse:
Her mother graved her; she a long hair-lock,
Ere, weeping, shore, from neck of Caltra cold.
They find that lock, in Embla's wallet rent.
Night fallen, was wailing heard, in Dylan's cote;
Of manly voices lifted up to weep.
Mourn Dylan and his sons, which came now home,
From Herfryd's funerals: Caltra, face to earth,
(Which holds the mother dead,) they loudly name!
But Dylan, on the morrow, unto Keina;
And to the holy women of Christ's house;
To nourish up, betook that little maid:
Whereto the hall of dead lord Amathon,
And bowers, assigned them Hyn, the magistrate.

Now hath, three years, all Britain rest whilst rules
Nero, who wars with God, His saints and Romans,
(Unwarlike else.) But erst deceased Ostorius;
Outworn, is told, with troubles of the war.
One Didius Aulus then, is Cæsar's legate,
In Britain; whom succeeds, in his high charge,
Veranius: but this died, in the next year.
Captain renowned, now Nero sends Suetonius,

Conqueror of Mauretania, in days of Claudius.
He, being arrived in Britain; finds this Province
Still smouldering with incensement of the druids.
To furbish that long rust of Roman arms;
Suetonius draws then forth, to new emprise,
His legions; and an expedite army leads,
From Verulam. They hold ways, through coasts and woods,
Of Midland tribes. He Mona will invade,
Dim isle of druids; and now become, he hears,
A last receptacle of war-fugitives.
To Mona's strait, reached from his eighteenth camp;
This side the sound, the legate Segont took.
There, lodged the legions, Romans fell much wood.
Suetonius, on thick floats, of beams, would pass;
Which had he seen, what time, (*curator* sent,
Of the Tithe Lands,[1]) he served in forest Almaigne;
Upon the flood of Rhine. By light of watchfires,
All night, his carpenters labour, at the shore.
Come dawn, the cohorts, on those timber frames,
Ferry; and founden, at sea's ebb, a ford;
Gauls' horse, part swimming, that salt sound o'erwade.
Romans behold; how stand, on further shore,

[1] *Agri Decumates.*

(Whence druids wont cást blue steed, to Nuth, each year,)
The islanders' strange threatening multitude;
Long spear-armed, glast-stained press, them seems green wood.
They see, amongst them, running frantic women,
Girt in long saffron stoles; old wives the most,
Their dugs displayed, and wintered hair-locks loost,
Out-blowing on the wind: whose white arms smirched,
And furious faces all with victims' blood!
Those leap, with firebrands, from their altar-hearths;
Loud imprecations shrieking, dire and shrill!
Stand druids, lo, chanting, with uplifted hands;
As men unmindful of approaching legions.
Italic soldiers, climbing from sea-strand,
Pause, in amaze. Fear not, cries duke Suetonius,
Their gods; despise yond barbare multitude.
Behold, how feeble, soldiers, be their ranks,
Striplings, old men, few warriors, women wights:
Your glaives, all strength and manhood have consumed,
Already. Each exhorts other; battle-shout

Raised, Romans, as from dream, waked ; with great brunt,
Run hurling javelins, from a wall of shields !
Come to hand-strokes, they on their bucklers' spikes,
As hunters beasts ; bear back resistance weak,
Of blue long wicker-shielded multitude.
Men fight confused, mongst trees and thicket rocks.
Full shortly of slaughter, is that cragged field !
Fly Mona's warriors, scattered to her woods.
Romans, few slain of theirs, gather, till eve,
Much prey. Commands, at morrow's dawn, Suetonius ;
Hew the antique horror of the druids' groves,
(Which nigh unto that place,) and insane gods :
Wherein found altar-stones, burned-smooth, as glass ;
By druids' nefarious often sacrifices ;
Aye, and brazen chaldrons, to receive man's blood !
Those find Rome's ensigns also, erewhile lost ;
Uphanged in temple-cave. They, that fair porch
Break down of Samoth's god, boast of all Britons.
Applied Suetonius then, to certain chink,
His guides showed in that cliff, his listful ears !
Hears busy dinning noise, as of smith's forge ;
Roaring of billows, clang of hammers ; crashed

Cymbals, in measure ! far-off rumour rife,
The divine wheels, (say Britons,) of sea-god !
But all contemning ; Samoth's oracle-cave,
Suetonius bids, be choked with enemies' corses !

Once more, like eagle, stooping from steep skies,
To earth's low wilderness of derne fields and woods ;
Record, dear Muse, loud lay of warlike ruth :
Breathe thy rich spirit, in my breast ! (which erst,
In this dear tongue, most sweet unto our sense ;
After thy shepherd Colin, sang true note ;)
That I great queen BOUDICCA [1] may complain ;
Britons' last dread revolt, her timeless death.

Deceased was, in these days, rich Prasutagos,
Whom Aulus ere, in room of Bericos,
Established king, with grief of all good hearts.
This Prasutagos, taking thought, how best
He might safeguard possessions of his house,
After his death, had coheir Nero named,
With his own daughters ; but all otherwise
Then came to pass : for when was Prasutagos
Burned on a pyre, and were his cinders laid,
In mound ; and found, in the king's testament,
Such was ; entering Taesdune, the quæstor Catus

[1] Commonly but *mendosè* written Boadicea.

Took seizin, as his own, of the king's goods :
And gan put all to sack, his Roman servants.
When them, base slaves, Boudicca, widowed queen,
Rebuked, commanded Catus, her be spoiled ;
And scourged as Roman thrall! Her, insolent strangers,
Queen and king's daughter, hale, by the hair-locks!
Merdewy and Perigor, kinsmen, brethren sworn,
To dead lord Prasutagos ; that her save
Would from their vilain hands, and him withstood ;
At Catus' word, they chained, and smote with rods!
But happed, ah! móre cursed case, remediless!
Maugré their shrieks, which to high heaven, resounded ;
And women's frail, to death, gainstriving force ;
Have other ribald servants, of fell Catus,
From sink of filthy life, which marble Rome ;
Those royal virgins damnably oppressed ;
Not yet have fine Rome's extreme injuries.
Catus, when he those noble men had bound,
Issued his writ, sequestered all their goods.
But chanced, this day, unlooked-for, before eve ;
Three-score stout herdfolk, hinds of Prasutagos,
Repair, towards shearing-feast, home from their heaths ;
To dig now dipping-troughs, and stall their flocks :
And, league-long, follow their white trooping trains.

Joy Catus' servants, looking from dune walls,
See all this good, which cometh so to their hands!
Those hinds soon meet with some, which now scaped forth;
Shrouding, for fear, them in thick hollow place;
Whereas beasts' carcases were wont be cast,
Mongst stinking elder, cankered nettles, docks;
From whom they hear those heinous deeds of Romans.
Sergeants, being come eftsoon, to them, from Catus,
(Unwarlike vilain kind of swarthy Romans,)
Require, with threatful signs, bring-on their flocks!
But, spoken few words together, in their tongue,
Each carle gripped stoutly his cudgyl or his crome:
And strait those all, on strange lewd Romans run!
And as strong husband beats corn in a barn,
Valiant poor wights, Boudicca's herdmen, Romans
Slay, break their bones, and bray them in the dust.
The arms, which fell from those vile sergeants' hands,
The herd-wights snatch; and on with hideous shouts!
Leap great hounds with them, baying with deep throat!
To Prasutagos' court and dune, they run;
With fearful yells, all bloody now their hands.

With a beam's brunt, as the men's over-hird,
One Digol, showed, they break-up the barred gates.
Other, which follow herdman Eorth, beset
The walls ; that might not one of Romans 'scape.
  Romans, done hastily on, within, their harness,
Stand globed, like frightened deer, taken in the toils,
Which lay together their horned heads to ground ;
And they might so rebut the raging hounds.
Though armed with glaive and targe ; the quæstor's
    Romans,
Conscious of guilt, that merits barbare death ;
Faint, blind with coward fear, their impious breasts ;
When brast-in, on them, those tall herdfolk Britons ;
Whose very hounds stained with their fellows' deaths !
  In panic terror those then turn their backs.
In bowers, they seek, in hall, of Prasutagos,
Where hide them ; way, some covert way of flight,
Of 'scape. Hither and thither men and hounds,
Course them ; with furious bats, with cattle-goads.
Like as some fitchew taken in a gin,
Rends her wild limbs, might she so eschew death ;
The remnant, trembling, die on their own glaives !
  But burns wide hall of boards, of Prasutagos,
Which embers kindled, in that strife : whereas,
(Like butcher's floor, where bloody fells ben cast,)

Lie now the slaughter-heaps, of Catus' Romans,
Scorched carcases. Then, broken down the walls,
And prison doors; have loosed, men of the dune,
From shameful bonds, Boudicca, outraged queen:
Then they, enlarged those lords, return to kill;
With them, to kill who last, (now hid,) of Romans!
Of whom, report is, some, snatcht Briton babes,
Of those did make their shields! For all which, Britons
Spared not to slay: even mothers crying, kill!
Into new bodies, should pour heavenly gods,
Their murdered spirits. Were better thus their deaths,
Than to be heirs, of servitude, to Romans.
But curséd Catus, fled by secret gate,
From the king's house, which joined there to dune walls;
Won forth, was saved by fleetness of his horse,
Which he himself had bridled; whilst he was,
In Britons' fray, forgot. Catus, all night
Rode on then fearful, by Rome's new paved street;
And raught, day breaking, Camulodunum walls.

Stands queen Boudicca, in Taesdune's market-place,
With flaming eyes, a glaive drawn in her hand;
Like cow she is, from whom, with cruel blows,
The butcher lately hath bereaved her calf.

The prints upon her royal arms, she shows,
Of Rome's ignoble gyves. Come to her there,
Her daughters, whose wan looks cast down to death;
Defouled, remediless, their bodies pure.
Her faithful hinds, come driving to the queen;
With buffets of their fierce-armed rugged hands,
Certain swart Romans, from blind lurking-places;
Whence they now rent them forth! were those, say men,
That damnably, ah! have defouled the royal maids.
Britons, in that they came, have them unmanned;
Whence they nigh dead, what for their heinous guilt,
Durst not their craven eyes lift on her looks.
Boudicca them, that, at her royal knees,
Grovel, on their breasts! adjudged to hasty death.
She, spurned them; trode, with fury, on their base necks.
Sith, when men have long worried them, with hounds;
They lopped each brutish poll, from his lewd corse.
Their bloody carcases, drawn without the walls,
Of Prasutagos' dune; all, in that fosse,
To beaks of hoodie crows and teeth of beasts,
Those perfumed swarthy Romans forth were cast.
At word, of those two brethren of the queen;
From brow to brow, men shouting then o'er fields,

The Land-cry raise! With sign of fire, speeds voice,
To arms! East Britons, gainst the bloody Romans!
Boudicca, trembling pale, stands in the porch,
Saved from that now burned hall of Prasutagos;
Her royal vesture stained with Romans' death.
Like to wolf-dam, her looketh about, the queen.
Black heifer, garlanded with yew, is driven
Then in, her sacrifice, for Prasutagos;
Whose head, drawn down, towards swart infernal gods;
Slay druids. Sith, on the victim's splayed warm hide,
Before the altar, the pale outraged queen
Sate down. The people flock to her, and mourn.
With face as night, she sighs, bowed to the ground;
House of the dead, and buried Prasutagos.

Warned, by those fires, which shine from coast to coast,
And the Land-cry; ere morning-star, arrive
Loud múltitude; men, lo, bearing shepherds' bats
And reaping-hooks, for war-spears and for glaives;
Whereof erewhile, Ostorius, them deprived.
When those hear word of the queen's Roman wrongs;
Fierce murmur rose of thousand angry throats!
All then; even who were lately of opposed part,

Lifting their hands, them bind, with a great oath,
Avenge the woes of Prasutagos' house!
  Nigh on East hills now is the dawn to rise;
Nor yet Boudicca, queen, hath plained her fill,
When looking up, as who wakes, from fell dream;
She is ware, how stand about her people's press.
Then spake Boudicca, in taking to her breath;
Unto her appeared, this night-time, Prasutagos,
Among the stars; which show out of their rests,
The blesséd gods conspire, in one, with us,
To cast, this year, forth, Rome's invading legions.
  Shall all one wreak, one ruin, overtake
Them, impious bondslaves of incestuous Cæsar;
Whose Roman crimes unheard, since the world was!
For Nero, in his hell-fury, entered in
Womb that conceived, of his thrice-curséd dam,
That bare him; his own mother knew! What then?
He murdered her! bade rip her belly then:
And looking on, (where he himself had lain,)
Sometime! he called for wine; and quoth, she was

A fair woman! Sith Nero hath forlain
His sisters germain! And all day, mongst Romans,
Be these things spoken of. And shall such, O gods,
Tread down, O Britons, cinders of your hearths!
Boudicca queen, thus saying, let backward slide,
Unto the girdle-stead, her shining weed;
But seemly gathered, stern, before her breast.
And all deformed that angry multitude
Beheld, with Catus' scourges and vile rods,
Chine of the widow of royal Prasutagos!
How long, Boudicca weeps, great saviour goddess,
Chaste Brigit, guardian of our sacred hearths!
And naught may purge the guiltless body's stain,
Save only bitter flames of funerals!
War, pestilence, hath this plenteous soil consumed;
And famine slain her people's multitude.
The field grows rank of her own children's blood!

Why tarry O, ye, in heaven, our fathers' gods?
Avenge your altars' extreme injuries!
Remember Claudius, he who interdicted
Your sacrifices! Him have Romans, dead,
Godded in room of Britons' vanquished gods.
Compelled, by scourges; Britons build, to Claudius,
High impious fane, seal of our servitude.
Part to that temple-service, they divide
Our glebe; part mete unjustly to their soldiers.
Britons, whose children scarcity endure of bread,
Must yield, of all their best, to priests of Claudius;
That might those even our foster-gods oppress.
Full now, of Roman surfeit, be all halls,
Of Briton princes, fallen in the war.
Who captain of a century of strange soldiers;
That, swart-faced Roman, stinks of wine and sweat,
Shall lord it over kings, of Briton nation!
Hear, in thy grave-hill, Spirit of Prasutagos!

Mean scrivener servants entering, of the quæstor,
The people's cabans, under name of tribute,
Put all to sack. To merchantmen of slaves,
Snatcht from the weeping Briton mothers' breasts,
For cups of wine, even babes, in this East March,
Were sold; and those, beyond the seas, them vend!
Nor have they, impious! reverence for the dead,
Whose orphans they devour. But, only, in Britain,
Romans intend, how may they pill the poor;
Whence they might sith their lusts fulfil, in Rome.
Hear, in thy grave-mound, Spirit of Prasutagos!
Is it for such, on Britain's hills, ye feed
Your flocks; or ear your glebe, that those eat bread;
Which you devour: pay tribute for your souls;

That might ye live to serve them; in those fields,
Which gods, for an inheritance, gave your sires.
Why longer dwell I, in this outraged flesh?
When I might put it off, as raiment vile,
And mount, by flames, to Prasutagos' spirit?
Our royal daughters dight them to their deaths!
Ah, have the accurséd strangers, childless made
Our house. Ne'er shall these mother's hands, alas!
Deck a dear child's bride-bower, or spousal bed!
Seest thou, ah, from high hill of heaven's light,
Where sitt'st thou, Prasutagos, with star-gods,
What things be done, done in thy royal house!
Heard of Boudicca queen, the loud lament,
Cast dust upon their heads the ingenuous Britons:
And loud they shout, To every Roman, death!
Rising the sun; anon, much people ran,

To holy grove, nigh hand, of antique oaks :
Where bound their furious brows, to Camulus,
With the sheen leaves ; these vow them, not to cease
From fight, until they fall down on their faces.
  Boudicca, called her herd-folk ; much commends
Then their true service ; and, to each, an house,
In Prasutagos' dune and field assigns,
Without ; and Roman arms, which wan their hands.
Unto Eorth and Digol, the men's overhirds,
Wreathed collars gave the queen, of the red gold ;
That, mongst her council, they might sit henceforth.
  Swift runners, then, the queen, with brands, outsends ;
Kindled from burning hall of Prasutagos !
Religion is, in what place their feet faint,
Should other, caught those brand-staves, bear them forth.
They run, these days, through all East paths of Britain :
And war breathe, in men's hearts, their battle-gods.

  Now aftermorrow, in the royal scythe-cart,
Issues Boudicca ; standing her beside,
Those royal daughters, clad in funeral weed,
And oak-leaf crowned ! With the Icenian queen,
Follow tumultuous glast-stained host, in arms :

And all the way along, risen like a flood
Come to them, through their fields, the neighbour Britons.
To Rome's abhorred *colônia*, Camulodunum,
Is their dread march. All aliens they cut-off;
None leave they alive, in whom is Roman breath!
This immane tumult, come to Roman town,
The open suburbs Britons erst o'errun,
Where none withstand them. Few and trembling Romans,
(Men, veteran soldiers of the emperor Claudius,
Longtime disused, in Britain, to bear arms,)
Helm-clad and harnessed, look from their new walls!
Have prodigies amazed those Romans' hearts!
Vast murmur heard ere-yester, from the ground,
That quaked, as voice were from the sepulchres.
Then sound of wailing, in their council-house:
Was shout heard, in the theatre, in strange tongue!
That statua also of Victory-winged, and gilt;
They set-up, lately, in their *forum* place,
Is fallen down, the last night! Seen, in Colne Fleet,
Were, yester's ebb, as ruins of a town;
Seemed, on Colne's oozy shelves, lie bloody corses!
Like flocking crows, Britons, fierce infinite swarms,
O'erclimb, dread-yelling, their half-builded walls.

Soon in long cross-street, slaughter is begun.
Fly those armed husbandmen, which once Cæsar's soldiers;
Fly to yond impious temple of Cæsar Claudius;
That stands upwalled, made like to Roman *castrum*,
Four-square, in soil of Britons' servitude:
And clenched the towréd port is, with iron plate.
Fierce Britons, at their necks; this hardly closed,
Behind them, Romans. Surge East Britons' swarms;
Is Rome's blood now, on whose rude venging arms!
They rage, with dreadful clamour, round the walls.
What though these lean to heaven, in many floors;
Will they them conquer! Ladders knit, of spars,
(Long traves and rafters, rent from Roman streets,)
Icenian craftsmen; whereon oak-leaf-crowned
Men, vowed to Camulus, eftsoons shall upmount.
Come eve; uplean them Britons, under shields.
Romans, which, harnessed, hold yond battled tops;
Then launch great stones, some pour out burning pitch,
Some darts shoot down, on Britons' furious press.
Mount, gainst those heady stranger walls of Romans,
Men crowned with druids' holy leaves, to death;
Upholding, in their other hands, short shields,
Of osier, bulls'-hide dight, over their heads;

And biting sharp skeans, twixt their teeth, of bronze :
Till seem, who first essayed, as birds, on height.
But there were slain the most ; whose bloody corses,
That headlong ruin, beat in moisty grass,
Like stones ! but, not dismayed the rest, for this,
Still upward mount. Who hardly are reached, on height,
With grapples, Romans pluck down, hurl ! nor might,
Gainst many, few, that giddy foothold take.
All too, on-loft, unequal is the strife ;
As who fight, swimming, gainst who stand on ship.
Then waxed blue Britons weary of that new death !
Now gainst those brazen gates, they bank much wood ;
That they, by fire, might enter ; but have Romans
Their port walled up within, with lime and stone.
Nathless, gives that wood's burning light to Britons ;
That wake, like Winter wolves, round the tower walls,
Under long shields. Come midnight, showed the gods
Dread signs, portending nigh the Romans' deaths.
For all their *arx*, from the ground-walls they shake ;
As that proud temple, would their powers beneath,
Cast out, from Britain's earth ! Then harnessed soldiers
Haste, to the floor descend, from temple-roof.

BOOK XXII

ARGUMENT

CLAUDIUS' temple taken. Boudicca destroys the image of Claudius, therein. Britons dig down and furiously overthrow the temple-walls. Burned Roman Camulodunum, they march now forth, dread glast-stained multitude. In their way to Troynovant, they encounter, in an heath and utterly overthrow, the ninth legion. Come to Londinium, they make slaughter of all of Roman name, therein. Alexander attains the CROWN of martyrdom.

Boudicca, in Verulam, is acclaimed Lady-of-war! Her speech to the Britons! They march; and next day lodge in a border of the East-forest. Suetonius hastily marched from Mona; seen their watchfires, pitches nigh Britons' camp, that night. Boudicca, at dawn, beheld the Romans' *castra*, blows loud battle-note. She, twixt her royal daughters, drives forth armed in Prasutagos' battle-cart.

Suetonius' speech, to his soldiers. Battle joined, the royal maidens most valiantly fight. Three noble youths, their former wooers, run, in arms, beside the royal chariot. Suetonius' cohorts break through the Britons' loosely-arrayéd multitude.

The queen's flight. Digol and Eorth close their valley-passage, against the pursuit of Roman horse. Boudicca is come, at even, to a sacred grove: where her servants build a pyre. At dawn, the royal maids, thereon ascended, drink of a deadly cup, which Boudicca hath prepared. She, heard coming of the Romans, last upmounts: she also drinks thereof; and falls

then forth upon her dart! Women, keepers of that grove, fire the wood. So cometh Suetonius.

Famine in Britain. Joseph and the brethren succour the fainting people, in Alban. Caer Bran, in Mendip, is now a Roman *villa* of Aulus Verus. His son, Pudens, wounded, is besieged, in a tower, with one Felix Murcius. Pudens journeys, with Felix, to Mendip.

Pistos passing-by, from Avalon, finds Felix. Pistos persuades him to seek healing, for Pudens, at the hands of Syrian Joseph. When Spring is come; Pudens rides with Felix, to visit the man of God. The Roman knight, walking in Alban fields, sees trooping flocks and herdmaidens; and one among them, who is like unto an heavenly vision! At even, he goeth, with Felix, to salute Salema. Rosmerta reads forth the Lyber Bret. Pudens, returned to Mendip *villa*, languishes for love of Rosmerta. Then cometh again Pistos, to Verus' house; and Pudens beholds his servants, at dawn, assembled, to break bread of the New Life. He also lifts up his heart, unto the High God, of Joseph!

Again is a bitter cry of famine, in the Province. The sea, in a night-tempest, beat over the strand; and drowned is now the plain of Alban. Pudens obtains the legate's commission, to repair those sea-breaches. He rides to Avalon, where Rosmerta hath care of all the fugitive hungry women and little ones; that are come in. An angel from heaven crowneth the praying maiden.

BOOK XXII

WHEN some goodwhile then Britons mark no watch,
On the tower-head; new leaf-crowned men up-mount.
They win, they stand on the fane's battled top:
Where none make more defence; now heartless Romans,
Failing their victual, and their water spent;
Nor hope of succour left. Is duke Suetonius,
Far-off, with strength of legions, in West parts.
Those, under statua of godded impotent Claudius,
Hold hasty council, on the marble stones;
Nor rests, or heart or spirit, in their cold breasts.
They stand, as men condemned, that wait for death!
Those reason, must they evil ending make:
And cause was the only avarice of cursed Catus,
Exacting taxes, which remitted Claudius;
Whereto joined usury is, in Roman Province;
More than might Britain's sunless soil bring forth.

Best greatest Jove, requite all such, with loss!
They cry, by whom, after much blood and wars,
They, which had hoped to pass few quiet years;
Be now, in this dread tumult, like to perish.
To them, each sound is death. Hark! gods of Rome!
Hark! trample barbare feet the temple-roof.
Hurl now down Britons, by the marble stairs;
Gods! those tower-stairs, which they forgate to fence!
Short fearful then the strife, so aghast were Romans;
Nor marked, how few and naked wights them smite.
Dim is, with only the priests' lamps, the place;
Under proud arcs of that high vaulted roof;
Whereas now harnessed Romans, as penned beasts,
Twixt wall and pillars perish: chace them forth,
With dreadful cries! victorious fierce blue Britons.
Would soldiers, that they mold-warps were; then might
These flinty walls they undercreep, to earth.
Like bats they flit, they fall now heartless press!
Soon are the walls, with gore, stained; the pave-stones,
Under men's tread, swim thick Italic blood!
Smells Claudius' temple, as some slaughter-house!
Blood-sprent even Claudius' image was then seen;

Whom fatal FORTUNE, *genius* of proud Rome,
Made Cæsar, to destruction of Isle Britain ;
And mockery, even unto ages yet unborn,
A god! Were eftsoons all those Romans slain !
Britons, *augustales* find, in secret adit ;
(Are Claudius' priests,) proud queazy, faltering-kneed,
Men, fat of the lean people's gifts. Haled forth,
Them chace fierce wights, without the temple-gates ;
That they, now day, break up, with fearful shout!
Where angry Britons' concourse those receiving ;
Hundred hands buffet them! Done their tunics on,
Some play, in mumming-wise, then, Roman rites.
Mad druids, upon the altar of dead Claudius,
(He who decreed, their bloody sacrifices
Should cease,) some of them slew! Boudicca entering
The fane then, statua of Claudius all defaced ;
Hewing, with broad-sword of wronged Prasutagos,
And wreak of woman's arm, the impious stone.
Sith, under-delved ; those temple-castle walls ;
Heaving on cables, might of thousand hands,
Plucked down, in dreadful ruin, to the ground,
On Romans' bones. Few of those priests reserved,
In purple stoles, (like women, gem-adorned!)
Men set on the elephants, here, from days of Claudius,
Remained alive: and those huge beasts, through camps

They lead, and lodgings of blue mingled Britons ;
That all, with mocks, cast mire, on them, their fill.
Last, in strait place, men hurl, betwixt two walls,
Those priests to ground ; and o'er them cause to pass
The elephants : those thus, trampled, bruised to death,
Were : on whom men slay, also, the huge beasts ;
Wreaking them of past injuries of proud Romans !
Who Romans' wives then, and their children small,
Pale weeping company, are, to brackish shore,
(The outraged queen commanding,) led forth, where
Colne's land-stream, wide commingles with salt flood.
There some, being now low ebb, they bind, on stones ;
Other to pales, driven in the stinking ooze :
So leave to drench, under a rising tide.
Who looking, then, from hill of Camulus,
Beheld their anguish ; how, like worms, those perish !
Last burned Boudicca the new Roman town.

Britons pass forth ! By queen Boudicca's chariot,
With their stout herdmen, blowing shepherds' pipes ;
Digol and Eorth march, armed with Roman glaives.
Brethren, then, of the queen come, in one war-cart,
Merdewy and Perigor ; midst who oak-leaf crowned,

Conquerors of Claudius' fane, remained alive.
Sith druids, which chant loud hymns, to Camulus.
Follow them pomp of the chief men of war;
The first bear captive-ensigns of proud Romans.
With shout and dance then, guirlanded with flowers,
The honour of the field, to the war-god;
Thick-thronging, headlong, Britons' multitude,
With immense noise, disordinately beat
That Pedder-street, which to New London leads;
For dread revolt grows daily of East Province!
The third day was, when they, in wide waste heath,
Meet, hastily marched against them, with few horse,
The ninth Hispaniensis' expedite cohorts,
Whose tribune one Petilius Curialis;
(The same, who prætor sith, Brigantia's March,
For Cæsar, wan.) Britons fall, naked warriors,
Loose, mingled, glast-stained host, upon them, furious!
As raging flood, which all before it bears;
They overrun, like sheepy flocks, Rome's ordinance:
Nor cease, to-day, they slay them; till wax weary
Their gory hands. With few knights, fled Petilius,
Gainst eve; when nigh destroyed was now the legion!
Britons, thence, the third morrow, to Lud's town;
Loud host, arrive, men bearing Roman arms.
To Troynovant they, with fury, by new bridge,

Of beams, and the ford's shallows, overpass:
Where lately, (of his war-wounds, mongst sorrowing
Britons,
And abhorred Romans, dead;) made, for Marunus,
(Who, mongst men, seemed of kindred with the gods!)
By silver-streaming Thames, were wailful funerals.
Full that new city of strangers; all whom Britons
In-thronging meet, with Roman glaives, they smite:
Till choked all common ways, with carcases.
And as, in Gaul, we see beyond the seas,
In vintage days, streets run, with lees of wine;
So these, to brackish Thames, with Romans' blood!
Britons, with hymns, heap spoil, to Andates,
Victorious goddess, without Troynovant walls;
And divine Bran, and glast-stained Camulus;
Whose praises still, till fall of night, they chant.
Last then, with brands, they fire the wooden streets;
On both sides Thames; and burn, at bank, all ships.
Smoke of Thames' burning city, dimmed the world.
See far-off peoples, her wide-shining gleam,
In their night-firmament! In this sennight perished,
As thirty-thousand souls, of Roman name!

Had Alexander, of Christ's shipwrecked saints;
Which yet remain, in Britain's fenny Alban;

(By mouth of Pistos, faithful in the Lord,)
Been called of certain proselytes, men which, ere-
Time, had believed, in Asia, on Jews' God;
(Being of the parts of Lycia, and of Greeks' speech;
And servants to the legion now at Aquæ:)
To teach to them, that way of the New Life.
And, when had, of the Lord, enquired and prayed,
Christ's little Church; they devout hands, all laid,
On Simon's son: and sent that man of God,
Amongst the strangers forth, to pasture souls.
He, at year's end, síth, to Calleva passed;
And thence to new-built Roman Troynovant,
In the mutation of the garrison cohorts.
He sojourned there in hall, fast by Thames' side;
For the receipt of merchant strangers made.
What day that fury of Britons' new revolt,
Approached, he would his ministering not forslake,
To sick poor folk; but all which might not 'scape,
He caused them, in that hall, to be conveyed.
Though cry of foes, fire, slaughter, in the town;
Which dures long dreadful forth, he preacheth Christ!
Is last loud hasting tread of hostile feet,
Come to their gate; whereon now yelling smite,
With weapons and with stones, fierce glast-stained
wights!

The imposts those do heave, with dreadful threat!
Strong Alexander, set to door his back;
Somewhile, alone, that immense poise, sustains!
But, in the end, blood-stained blue men in-brake:
Which, ah! the saint, mongst many strangers, pierced;
He trampled under, meekly yieldeth breath.
But joys, upmounting, as the lark, his spirit,
To heaven's gate; whérein, now, he rests, with Christ.

Is marched, on new paved way, of thirty mile-stones,
Boudicca forth, which to New Verulam leads,
By Cassio forest. Follows, with the queen,
Dread rushing host of glast and gore-stained Britons!
In whose most hands, be seen now Roman arms.
Blue Britons passed, with confused dreadful shouts;
That should affray the enemies' very gods!
Ver fords; behold the gates stand open wide,
Of Roman city. Britons risen, to-night,
Which therein dwell; had slain the Roman cohorts!
Boudicca queen, rides through that towered great port;
Whom follow fast, to Verulam's market-place,

Thick-thronging folk; which acclaim, with one voice,
In royal city of great Cunobelin,
Her Lady-of-war, o'er all blue tribes of Britain!
Druids pronounce, The gods have chosen her.
  Mongst press of Britons armed, behold Boudicca,
In battle-cart, stands leaning on bright spear,
Semblant divine! Be her great lofty looks,
Like unto priests', which converse with the gods!
Her warlike limbs, clothes party-coloured weed,
Over her harness, fastened with broad brooch.
  Who princes, gird her, lo, with golden belt;
To be grand captain of East Britons' wars:
Which, when she had received, she feels new force,
Infused in all her veins. Her span-wide front,
A royal chapelet tires, of beaten gold,
The leaves; whence her long swart hairs, in a tress,
Arm-great, hang from her nape. Hark, to her folk,
Cries, with loud manlike voice, dissonant sounds,
Boudicca, queen, of unrequited wrongs!
To Britons' glast-stained throngs, cries; she, to-night,
Beheld sure vision of the blesséd gods;
Which show; victorious still should be her arms;
That have already, in field, o'erthrown a legion;

And taken three Roman cities, and them burned.
And perished, in each one, ten thousand souls!
Moreo'er, do promise gods, to give, these days,
Into her hands, Suetonius, Cæsar's legate;
Whence should be ransomed home Caratacus.
Nor turn their beaks, shall Cæsars, any more,
To Britain's cliffs. Recording then her harms;
The widow-queen, with flaming pupils, cries,
That, Sooner should the clodded field remove,
Flit as a cloud, than may her soul have rest;
Till she last vengeance have of abhorred Romans;
Till mark her borders their unburied bones.
Britons! shall, by your virtue, be preserved,
Unwemmed, your children; and chaste wives, unstained.
This said, with loud harsh voice, the Icenian queen,
Sudden! drew lightning brand of Prasutagos.
Lifting the white-armed royal Britoness,
That her bright steel, to woad-stained Camulus;

She prayed him, Hurl from Britain's white cliffs, Romans!
Her Coritavian kindred march to her,
Caterfs likewise, she cries, that gathered were,
To the Two-Avons' camps.[1] Tidings, more-o'er,
She last night, hath, by sign of beacon-fires,
Received; how further Britons, whom Venutios
Leads hastily, in her aid, already approach.
These should o'erthrow last remnant of Rome's legions!
Long shout they all! Then sheathed the warlike queen
Sheen glaive: and ready in battle-cart, anon,
The supple reins on necks of her proud steeds,
Shakes; that desirous of the way rush forth!
Follow Boudicca, not few wives, in wains,
To see that victory is promised of their gods!
With her, march blue loud-voiced war-multitude.
Boudicca, next day, enters in East-forest;
Which joins to Epping-chace. Thus with Venutios,
Master of war, she hopes the sooner meet.
Now in border of that wold, Boudicca's host,

[1] Dwy-avon-tre, now Daventry.

Do lodge, in champaign place: and when night falls,
They see far flames, of often beacon-fires;
Message of glast-stained nations, that approach.
Her destiny here, in idle camp, the queen
Detains; who her war-journeys should have hasted,
Till joined were, to her great tumultuous host,
Mid-Britons; whom not Romans, yet, of arms,
Deprived; and foot and horse, which leads Venutios.

Behold, in this extremity Cæsar's legate,
Marching from Mona! He hath fifteen cohorts,
Besides vexillaries of the twentieth legion,
Five hundred veterans, and twelve troops of horse.
And like as falcon, holds wide aery skies,
Nor cures all lesser fowl; so duke Suetonius
By marches speeds, now hostile all to Romans.
Lo, Cæsar's legate, after seventeen camps;
In twilight of clear stars, halts in strong place;
For, little ere, wide-burning Briton watchfires,
Have seen his scouts to flame, beyond the forest.
At day, is erst descried the Roman *vallum*!
Then blow commands, Boudicca, battle-note.
Clad in fringed tunic, broidered, like spring mead,
Whereon sewn glittering scales of tin and brass;

She stands, whom girds that belt-of-strength; and shines,
On her large bosom, mirror ornament,
Like to a sun: her morion is leaf-crowned.
The war-queen mounts; so drave forth, in shrill chariot!
Her milk-white arms, matchless in war, ben stained,
This day, with woad, like to the jacinth flower:
Ride, standing in one chariot, now with her,
Those daughters royal. Shrouds, ah, funeral stole,
Each high-born maid: lo, are tired both their heads,
With chapelet of oak-leaves, to warlike death!
Their cold-blue eyes look out, from golden locks,
With Britain pearls, long-broidered in a tress;
Like sunny rays, that pierce the evening clouds.
Their hands, (hang rattling quivers at their backs,)
Bear spended bows. In Prasutagos' chariot,
Then, whiles they pass, in all their people's viewing;
Made bare the betrayed maidens, their white breasts:
And laid each forth her paps, like mourning doves;
With rife plaint, them most cruelly doth wrong!
Their heaven-born looks, uplifted, to war-gods;
The maidens' voices, clear as shepherds' flutes,
From lips; which like to blissful dewy roses,
Full of soft smiling happy laughter were,

In days, (before the coming-in of Romans,)
Of Britain's peace ! intone, towards their deaths,
Loud battle-chant, of those which made Carvilios :
Souls'-music, seems, aloft this weary earth !
The hearts, of Britons' generous youth, it pierced,
Confounded with their beauty and their wrongs !
And for had Belisama, upon their looks,
Made living ray shine ; kindling love's desire,
In those, to perish with them, in one death !
The glast-stained host, long vehemently shout !
And stretch to gods their hands, accusing Romans.
The queen, beholding this new-surging Sun ;
To the all-bright god, her two blue-palms uplifted ;
Before her glast-stained nation, sternly prayed ;
He run, with speedy wheels, his day's career ;
And might, soon setting, soaked, with Roman gore,
He see this field ! Then showing, with her spear,
Suetonius' camp ; Behold, this last of legions,
She cries ; of whom none shall be left alive,
Helping our gods, to-night. And ye, which wives,
Contend, to-day, in valour and brave mind,

With men. She cried then thrice, midst her great army;
The day is come of vengeance, for our wrongs.
Yet spake the queen new word, mongst Britons armed;
And being one offspring of this foster-soil;
I say, stooped down, let every warrior-son,
Mould of the field, even as his mother's knees,
Kiss reverent; and her swear, defend from Romans!

When, on the legions' part, surveyed Suetonius
Glast-stained disordinate enemies' multitude:
He, in his heart, decreed, this day, to fight.
Britons' familiar routs, he shows his soldiers;
Blue battle-throngs, of little warlike worth;
Nor those, tumultuous, ordered in caterfs.
Whence should them easily break his warwont cohorts.
And sternly cries Suetonius, Those behold,
Soldiers, whose tumults have o'erthrown the Province:
Britons' rebellions grow, like Summer fires;
Else, were, with such, to fight, reproach for Romans!

But we to-day avenge, O Cæsar's soldiers;
Soldiers and citizens, of his wasted Province!
Though long, before you, these may not endure;
Nathless, ye shall have need of all your force;
And be ye in battle, unmindful of all preys.
Let none 'scape the just vengeance of your hands,
Man, wife, nor child; and die the unborn babe!
This said, he led, from camp, his cohorts forth:
And them, in form arrayed, of phalanx deep.
Soldiers loud shout! though weary from long march.
Gave sign eftsoon Suetonius! and run Romans
Out, confident, as men who, to vanquish, wont;
Careless of wounds, gainst glast-stained nighing routs:
Their only heed, hurl javelins and give death.
But falls thick sleet, on them, of Britons' darts;
Which, (sunbeams in their eyes!) they fence, uneath.
Then mainly, the angry hosts, together rush.
To the heavens, rebellows hideous battle-noise,
Of the earth's children and lamenting cries!
Stands queen Boudicca, in party-coloured weed,

In cart, with glittering belt. She, Lady-of-war,
Guiding her team, leads, squadroned, those few chariots;
Which Romans only left to Prasutagos.
Her royal daughters, drawing mighty bows,
Pierce, with long fledged shafts, noblest now of Romans.
With teeth, her Briton steeds, and their fore-hooves,
And armed their panting breasts, with pikes of bronze,
Do fight gainst horsemen Gauls and Roman knights;
By whom these three queens suffered heinous wrong.
Their quivers emptied, hurl the royal maids
Out thrilling darts, on enemies, where they pass.
Runners, light-armed, which fence the royal scythe-cart,
Those Romans' heads, whom slay their shot, hew-off;
And, horrid, hang, still dropping gore! their polls,
Round the queen's cart. Of them who fight thus forth
Afoot, the chiefest are three noble youth:
For when their nation lately disarmed Romans;
Those reaved their fathers' famous teams and scythe-carts,
And harness spoiled and precious antique arms.

Yet known are, by their comely ingenuous looks,
And golden collars, Ennion, Rueydan,
(Like-minded entire friends, noble of port;
Not faint, in friends' distress, and both East Britons;)
And valorous Keduan, tall Cornavian prince.
At Taesdune, came those suitors to the queen;
In happier days of rich king Prasutagos;
Drawn of wing-footed teams, in glittering scythe-carts:
Nor yet had curséd Roman Catus slain
The honour of the Icenian royal house!
Howbeit Gladusa, of long golden locks,
The elder, affianced, but in secret wise,
To Cathigern was; who far all noble youth,
In beauty and virtue excelled, in wide East March.
Whereof had cognizance peerless Elidore,
Her sister, only; for was Cathigern,
Of hostile kin, of Antethrigus' house.
Ah, soon shall mount Gladusa's virgin spirit,
By fire, to heaven; nor tarry, come to her,
He; on whóm now mortal sickness falls, in Rome:
Above the stars, shall their unburied loves
Renew. Have those young lords bound, mourning token,
For maidens' wrong, their shorn heads, lo, with yew:

They cry; Gladusa and Elidore, wait for us.
We only ask, ye not prevent our deaths!
Who martial wives, companions of the queen;
And Prasutagos' daughters' maiden peers;
In chariots, follow fast, with loud holloa!
Of whom some sharp hooks hurl, other shield-stones,
Drawing out thongs, which lap round Romans' throats.
And as men snatch, with angles, scaly fish,
Forth; so these harnessed knights pluck down, from horse!
Wife-men, with fury, as hawks, leaping from scythe-carts,
To grass; make butchery, of fallen impious Romans.
Riving with knives and bodkins, their base breasts!
Were some, for their young lives, heard make lament;
Romans, of barbare women, to be slain!
Men, oak-leaf-crowned, in border of the field;
Whom, (brethren of the queen,) Merdewy, lead,
And Perigor; (with whom borne their manacles are,
Their chains, lo, and fetters of their feet, for ensigns!)
Slay Romans. But deep-ranked, now, legion-cohorts,
Like river's flood, which buffets with much wind,
The loose resistance and tumultuous arms,

Bear bloody aback, of the glast-stained fierce Britons :
And break well-nigh through, to their drawn-round wains ;
Wherewith her camp had only fenced, the queen.
Being parted thus, and pierced the island powers,
Romans bear-round, unto both parts, their ensigns !
Boudicca, (Britons hemmed thus and distressed ;)
Hark ! eftsoons, cries, with stern and deadly face,
To wives, on axe-trees shrill, that next her ride ;
Flee women ; lest ye, captives taken, were sold,
Beyond the seas, to Romans' shameful life.
This said, she incites her team, to utmost flight !
Fly chariot-women-riders, then, with her ;
Whilst men-manned chariots hurl again on Romans.
Lo, East-men warriors, on their faithful faces,
Them cast to ground ; that o'er their bodies ride,
Where else none passage were, their Lady-of-war !
She shrieks, 'Scape ! save you all to thicket woods !
So o'er dead foes and fallen friends, she drives !
After her, then Gauls' Roman horse pursue.
Covets each knight, next to his own soul saved,
The person to take captive of this queen :
Which, helping him some god, might he achieve ;

How should, blazed through the world, in trump of gold;
His name sound to the stars, in sovereign Rome!
And Gauls had then attained Boudicca, queen,
By fleetness of tall steeds: but them swart Camulus
Frustrates, to whom, with many vows, she prayed.
Bellona him lately reft of his vast shield;
Else had he saved, this day, blue Britons' army.
Is fame, that god descended in a cloud,
Which breathed his divine steeds, Boudicca's team
Led forth; the whiles much dust a rising wind,
Lifts, twixt Gauls-Romans and the Icenian queen.
Came Roman slaughter, to the four-wheel wains,
Whence Britons' warlike wives hurl darts on soldiers;
Aye, and aught that cometh ready to their hands;
Fighting, from thill-boards, as wont men in chariots.
They yell forth imprecations dire, on Romans!
Short their death-strife was; for, as birds which pierced,
Of shafts, they ruin thrilled, by Roman darts:
And, at the cart-wheels, fell their little ones.
Nor spared the Italic gall them pierce to death;
And fling down, dying, breathless carcases!
Lest grown to manhood those, in warlike arms;

Should wreak, another day, their parents' wrongs.
Gored even that Roman fury their yoke-beasts.

Helped of strong god, Boudicca outwent pursuit,
And warlike wives with her. Digol and Eorth,
Be with the hirds, league's-way from Britons' camp;
That keep the neat and swine, and those great flocks;
Which were for victual of East Britons' host.
Breast forth their oxen slowly, in valley-path.
Cometh mainly driving, by that way, the queen,
With women's war-carts, to escape from Romans;
Which newly follow, eager, on her trace.
Those hirds, the queen, loud hailing! range their droves.
By, hastily, with few words, Boudicca passeth;
Like to a rushing wind, leaving men marvelling!
Those hinds then seeing, pursuit of glittering Romans,
To horse; Digol, with spear and targe, stood forth,
Amidst the way; but erst, with robust fist,
Pluckt to him bramble-spray, for, in that place,
None oak-leaves were; dight with the thorny fret,
His vehement brows. Likewise, do all the hinds,
Which deem is come the day now of their deaths.
Gauls, loud-hooved squadrons, yelling, gainst them, ride,

With levelled spears ! Contemn those, few hedge-folk ;
Are armed, with bats, whose most ignoble hands,
And few with glaives. But, to the midst, these chace
A stubborn press of sharp-horned beasts, gainst Romans.
Wherethrough, Gauls' horsemen struggling ; the stout hinds
Fall, at advantage, on them with rude arms :
Whose heavy hands then seemed resistless bronze ;
That slay, that beat Gauls, mainly, from their steeds.
This strife dures, whilst the battle-queen 'scapes forth.
Fight, with their horned heads, Britons' beasts gainst Romans.
But when, at afternoon, fell Digol pierced ;
And the most herdfolk, three-score wighty men,
With Eorth, were slain ; the rest are overborne.

Fled-on Boudicca queen, and wives, till eve ;
When, what for pathless, dim, uncertain place,
They last must light, and gone forth, on their feet,
Unwitting then, they entered sacred grove :
Known to Boudicca it is, in her own March !
Which hard to ween, is easy for the gods :
And there a well and altar-stone of druids.
Ere day, few more 'scaped, chariots and war-teams,

Following Boudicca's trace ; raught to this grove.
The queen, leaned to an yew tree, weary slumbers :
She, at sound, starts, of their voices from short rest !
But when what multitude of Icenians perished,
Boudicca hears ; and at the four-wheel wains,
The mothers stricken ; and how, from battle-chariot,
Merdewy and Perigor, Prasutagos' brethren,
After great deeds, fell mongst their oak-leaved warriors,
Under Gauls' rushing spears ! the queen despairs.
Feigning then some war-sacrifice, here, she hath,
She servants sends, in moonshine, out for wood.

Lo, those, with thraves, return, when daylight grows ;
Whereof, in order, laid, at the queen's word,
Halm and sere boughs ; wide-builded is high pyre.
And this full-ended ; will the widow-queen,
And daughters royal, burn, thereon, with her,
Their wrongéd flesh ; and thence, to heaven, upmount ;
To intercede for Britons, with the gods !
Now soars the sun, ascend those royal maids :
But tiding yet Boudicca waits ; who sends
Out other faithful messengers, through green grove ;
To watch all glades ; whence they, with instant shout,
Might signify approach of any Romans.
Of kex and yew, which, o'er the queen, spreads forth

His sacred arms, to everliving gods;
The royal mother cup prepared to-night;
Whereof who sups, eftsoons, forgetful sleeps;
And cometh, anon, dull death, without sore smart.
  Now voided all men being forth, from view;
Their harness doffed, them spoil the royal maids,
Of over-weed. And each the mother kissed;
When, from her hands, they both receive that cup.
Yet, ere they drink, each sister sister kisseth,
With twining, long, dear last, tear-bathed, embrace!
The innocent souls, that meet upon their lips,
(And are they twins,) now ready to flit forth.
  Looks the elder, on broad glory of this new sun;
And sighing, stedfast, to her lips, approached
The cup; so drinks! and sith the younger drinks.
Then laid they twain, holding each other's hands,
Them down, soft murmuring prayer, to gods of death;
To guide their souls, to place of happy rest!
  But, yet, the queen of Britons not upmounts.
For safety of her East Britons, yet consults
Boudicca, Lady-of-war. The golden belt
Deposed from her; and raised then funeral chant,
She last upclimbs, on that heaped fatal wood:
So sate her down, midst her dear dying ones.

She, upleaned on spear, yet looketh, from funeral bed,
About, around! so kisseth each swooning child.
But heard then coming shouted of some Romans;
Erst little pouring, to swart gods, beneath;
She tarries not, that deadly cup drink-out!
Yet spake last word the queen, with constant face;
Ye, which shall live, haste save you in thick woods!
Rise hardly, at that new voice, upon the pyre,
The royal maids! for not yet dead they were;
Like drooping flowers, that sun of afternoon
Hath stricken, they stoop: they muse, whilst dulls their sense
The cup, the people's cry to hear! Sate up,
Each dimly, on other, casting looks of love;
Drawn their sharp girdle-knives, their innocent breasts
Do launch, at once. So covered each her feet,
With broidered weed; and sinks each down, in death.
Boudicca queen then fell forth, on her dart!
Down to her knees, there rails, ah! purple well;
And like to swan, which pierced hath hunter's shaft,
Neath the left wing, she fails: yet groans, Put fire!
So twixt, behold, her bleeding daughters, both,
Boudicca lies, ah, now, in throes of death!
Two ancient women, keepers of that grove,

Have kindled sparks; which, twixt their withered hands,
Blown, they put-to. Ascend then writhing tongues,
Of crackling flames; and roars dawn's rising wind.
And some report, died presently the war-queen;
Other, rose up Boudicca, from the pyre;
Looked with fierce eyes, and saw approaching Romans!
And seemed the three queens' bodies heave, alwere
They dead; and wreathe, as holly, in herdman's fire;
At coming of the Romans' duke Suetonius.
High ride the flames, now giddy bowering wave;
Which licks, with golden throat, the Summer woods,
Surging to heaven; wherein ascend their spirits,
Like unto like: whence now, immortal pure,
They look from stars. Fell, from those funeral flames,
A golden mist; which token is, from high gods,
Of their unending glory to endure.

But ridden Suetonius, from far field of fight;
With guides and last pursuit of Gaulish horse,
By the moon's lamp, hath reached to this green place.
And find, therein remained, those weary Romans,
Alone, of Britons, two poor women-wights;

Which wallow on swart mould, beating their dugs,
Before a burning pyre, and dreary shrieks,
Cast forth ; that even those enemies rue to hear !
They deem, that one was nurse to Britons' queen ;
And this was foster, of her daughters twain ;
Whose breath, now ceased, these sacred flames consume.
And the enemies do their constant faith admire.
Now and when the duke, through his interpreter,
Hears, of their trembling lips, this careful case ;
Abhors the Roman's proud ingenuous thought,
Him who distained, destroyed, betrayed, the house
Of Prasutagos, friend erewhile to Romans.
To Rome, he will write letters of all this ;
His *procurator*, Catus Decianus,
Cause of so great destruction of his Province,
Accusing, unto Cæsar, and the Senate.
(Catus, from Britain fled, Kent seas hath passed !)
Still, sitting on his horse, a bill Suetonius
Writeth, with his own hand, in Roman tongue ;
For the safe-conduct, praising much their faith,
Of these poor women, Britons. He that scroll,
To them-unwilling, gives ; wherein he warns
All men, and he, in Cæsar's name, commands ;

Unto whom this script might come; suffer to pass,
By the paved ways, these women freely forth,
Bearing the ashes of their royal dead;
Until they come to Prasutagos' tomb.
Quoth then Suetonius; how him liever were
Have saved Boudicca, than have vanquished her!
Collar of gold, which fell down from the pyre,
From her white bones; he takes up, to send Cæsar.
Likewise, two frets of pearls, slackt by the fire;
Of Prasutagos' wrongéd daughters fair.
(Had, in the sacred well, already cast
Those faithful Briton wives, the war-queen's belt;
That might it thus be saved, from impious Romans!)

Returned Suetonius, to burned Troynovant;
He pardon, for the Britons' late revolt,
(Whose root was the only avarice of cursed Catus,)
Proclaims: (and this prescribes Cæsar's new edict,)
To all, which, within certain days, (set forth;)
Shall to the clemency them submit, of Nero.
And this the rather, in that, now, new famine,
Travails the Isle: for their prophetic druids,
Fondly persuading, they should eat this year,
The Romans' victual, Britons reaped not down
Their harvest corn; and follows pestilence!

Of fair Duffreynt, war-wasted wide, these days;
Much people hunger-starved, to Avalon holms,
Wander, whereas is bread, they hear, which sends
A god. Remembered the Lord's voice, His saints,
Gone forth, lead sick ones in and harbourless;
And succour who fall fainting, in nigh paths.
Where, in Caer Bran's spring-camp, erewhile, dwelt Titus,
One Auleius Verus now his *villa*[1] hath,
Præfect, of knightly estate, of thousand horse.
Verus, withdrawn from Aquæ, in Summer season,
His leisure sooner would, mongst poor herdfolk,
Man of the antique mind, in Mendip, pass;
Than dwell, midst surfeiting new Nero's Romans.
Pudens,[2] his son, wars, mongst young Roman knights:
And lately, in Mona, fighting in sea-ford,
(Where manly he slew his foe,) sore wounded was.
But when had hastily marched, from thence, Suetonius;
Pudens, within a tower, (of those Ostorius
Had built, by fords, and certain passages;
And garrisoned, with two maniples, each, of soldiers;)

[1] The *villa*, (a manor, with its grange,) was a Roman gentleman's country house.

[2] 2 Tim. iv. 21.

Was left, with other sick. They there beset,
Eftsoon, of raging Britons, endured siege.
And daily heard their land-cries, (dreadful sound,
In Latin ears!) as, Camulodunum taken!
Cut-off, to the last soldier, Roman legion!
Londinium burns; were all within her, slain!
Boudicca this day entered, Verulamion!
Is keeper of that hold, one Felix Murcius,
Primipilaris; than whom no man hath
More collars, bracelets, martial ornaments,
And crowns, gifts of his dukes, in many wars;
And who, now twenty years, hath served in arms:
In Aquæ, lately, he, (Galatians both,)
Found Pistos; through whose word, of that New Life;
Felix believed, on the Lord Jesus Christ.
Sith, like a rising dawn, that heavenly hope
Lightens the soldier's breast. The young knight Auleius,
Oft Felix hears, in his long languishment,
Communing of these things: though day and night
He painful be, in his committed trust,
Felix finds breathing-whiles, to serve the sick.

Yet other cries rebellow, in vast night,

From hill to hill, to Britons! which make known
Yester, great battle lost, nigh Verulamion!
Wherein are fallen the most part of East-host!
Sith voice was shouted, of Boudicca's death!
Then turned their late victorious songs to wailing:
Rose great lament of Britons! Quenched their watchfires,
Blue warriors, at day-star, that siege forsake.

When passed a month, come cohorts; which relieve
The towers, with men and victual. Journey, hence,
With them, the sick; and mongst them Felix rides,
Emeritus, for his covenant now is out.
They march forth in the new paved way, towards Aquæ.
Pudens, yet languishing, Felix further brought,
(The young knight is spear-wounded, in the breast,)
To Caer Bran *villa*; where he gins revive.
Auleius, recalled his father finds, to Rome;
To witness, in the cause of accused Catus.
There shortly of a flux, in time descended,
Of greatest Summer-heat, from the cold Alps,
Deceased good Verus. Pudens, the next month,
Received hath letters, of his father's death.

Soon after this, by Mendip, Pistos passed.
(Interpreter now, in both the tongues, for Christ;
Is he, mongst who few strangers, in these coasts,
Are of the house of faith.) He, brother Murcius
Finds; by whom being constrained, at Caer Bran, Pistos,
That day, abode, in Verus' Roman house:
Where also, certain bondfolk have received
The WORD; whose life, henceforth, is Jesus Christ!
Pudens yet lying, feeble of his hurt;
Pistos persuades, send for the stranger Joseph,
In Alban dwells, whose face as morning light!
And who an healing gift hath, of the Christ;
When, on the sick, he lays his prayer-worn hands.
With Pistos, on the morrow, Felix wends:
And, come to Avalon, tarries with the saints,
There, certain days; wherein, more fully, is Felix
Of them instructed, in the things of God.
He parting thence, received a salve of Joseph.
This Felix brought, with devout prayer of faith,
To the young knight, in his hill-house, in Mendip:
And he, the third day, (cleansed his wound and closed,)
Is risen, behold, from bed of languishment!
Come sith that month, when springs the tender green,

Pudens, with Felix, rides to visit Joseph.
How sweet the Spring-tide, in far island-Britain,
When soars the heavenly lark, with merry throat!
Descended now, they much deep way mote pass:
Sith, partly wading, come up to Isle Avalon.
  Felix brings Pudens then, to bowers and hall;
Which timbered ere Phœnician Ithobal:
Where, they alighting, cometh forth agéd Joseph;
Who them salutes, with Peace, in name of Christ!
They enter in the Syrians' hall, and rest.
  The stranger shipwrecked brethren come, gainst eve,
In, one by one; men clad in blanket weed,
Featured like Syrians, bearded are as Greeks.
And each quoth, Peace of God, in Jesus Christ!
  Now when the timely hour, bringeth Sabra and Salema,
In dish; and, lo, they all, in giving thanks,
Do sit around: and fishes of the lake,
And loaves, with honey of wild bees, do eat.
And, after meat, an holy hymn they sing.
  Sith, in the Britons' speech, which he, in Mendip,
Learned of his servants, communes Roman Auleius;
And partly in Latin tongue, (interprets Felix,)
With Syrian Joseph. He the father asks,

In whom found virtue of High healing God ;
What end foresees he, of the wars in Britain ?
Joseph took, from his bosom, then a roll
Of the prophetic Scriptures : and reads words,
Declaring, o'er all nations, must prevail,
Until fulfilled her time, the Power of Rome ;
When should, the last, another kingdom, rise.
Heavy with years, and ailing in his knees,
Joseph no more departs, from Avalon's mere ;
Where dwell those shipwrecked saints, mongst outlaws poor ;
As stewards of the heavenly Providence.
Night fallen, beside the hearth, now Romans rest,
Under poor roof-tree of the Syrian Joseph.
Pudens wakes, on the morrow, as from dream
Of wonderful, of joyous healing light ;
Whence he will, that day o'er, dwell with good Joseph.
He, with the sun, walks forth, in Avalon fields :
Till, being yet feeble, last, he weary is.
So sits to rest, awhile, on this green grass.

Come hither trooping lamb-flocks of the Britons ;
And maidens, carolling, lo, before them trace.
He a virgin, mongst them, spies ; much like a vision

Or one of the inhabiters of heaven !
Anon, like guileful hunter, Roman Auleius,
Her to behold, him couched in thicket bush.
  Chief of the shepherd-daughters of the fen ;
Like gracious lily, in some thorny wood,
Is this, that wends and gathers herbs and flowers !
He deems it her, (which nymph of that fair mead,
Or goddess seems !) of whom runs voice mongst Britons :
That daughter named is of the stranger Joseph,
Howbeit her father perished in the war.
  As wont the dewy flowers, at Summer's dawn,
Unfold, with parfume, gainst the light divine,
So her dear aspect, entering through his eyes,
With subtle influence, ere might Pudens find
Defence, his heart transmues, sublimes his being.
Then flows the blood, in a delicious tide ;
With high aspiring, frail, quick, confuse thought ;
As when spread riotous leaves' green multitude,
On some fat ground ; which of few seeds, arise.
  Eftsoons, his soul, assembling all her powers ;
He stedfastly refrains the stormy passion ;
Firming his thought, on steep philosophy ;
Idêae, (as stars, cold flaming from night's sky ;)
Patterns of things immutable in the heavens ;

And which the soul beholding, that descended
Thence, as pure fire, subdues base fleshes jar.
What spirit revert, to that her former being,
And fly, on eyas wings, would, from the earth ;
Must strongly her frail affections still repress ;
Being thereto armed with heedful fortitude.
She keepeth, aye, harnessed watch, upon all walls,
Of her clay citadel, leaguered round ; where most,
Churl-of-the-flesh, strong Captain of her foes,
She fears ; howbe, at erst, of gracious guise,
This seemed ; yet one he is, of brutish kind,
Titanic wight, wont wallow in the fen,
(Earth's son,) with swine : lest, on the soul, disarmed,
He, all suddenly sallying, with his vilain powers ;
Should snatch the crown of honour, from her brows.
She suffers to be kindled none strange fire,
On the chaste temple-altar of her being ;
Whose strong contagion steaming to the brain,
And that close-creeping ferment, in the blood,
Turns sweet to sour, suborns the greedy sense ;
She, both contemning, stedfast doth recuse.
Pudens still musing, in his hazel-bush,
Hears sing the Alban virgins, as they wend :
And after them, trace many-footed flocks,
Wide-wavering on the green. But she that seems

Goddess, or sunbright maiden of Diane,
Chants hymn of Cuan, as blithe lark in heaven.
Some spin of their lambs' wool, which hither pace;
Other the field-flowers crop, blue violet:
But guirlanded, (who primrose of them all,)
Is she that nighs, with budded eglantine;
Which seems a parfume cast, on earth, of heaven.
Lord of life's breath, she sings, The Love of God,
Which brake the gyves of death! Hark, herding songs,
Attuned to shrilling pipes, of fenny reeds!
One sings, among her fellows, with clear voice:
Sings, golden spring-time, in the shepherds' cotes;
When seemeth a flowering orchard the wide earth;
And every bough a garland: when is season
Of milk, and comes again the stork, to house;
And quiddering swallows flitter in our eaves;
And sweet birds answer, all day, in the woods.
Of silly sheep she sings and shearing feast;
When maidens and herd-grooms dance on the green;
And the bright moons, when shepherds fear no wolf.
Then all run, laughing, linkéd, fere and fere,
To gather primrose buds, in the new grass.

Passeth the virgin choir, in Pudens' breast,
Such sweetness leaving, as this furze in the sun :
And thinks his heart, on songs of witty Greeks,
Of other isle ; but which none shepherds were.
A creeping pleasance, springing breath of love,
His heart infirms, as steel relents in fire.
He musing, still, in his deceitful bush,
The day drives forth, amongst these herbs and flowers,
Of Britain's meads. Again, in Ithobal's house,
He sits, among the saints, at eve, to sup.
Pudens admires their humble lofty countenance !
But, after supper, new occasion finds
He abroad, with Felix Murcius, soon to pass ;
To salute, namely, Salema, spouse to Joseph,
Because they should, at morn, from Alban, part.
Come then, with lanterns, those, to the white porch,
Of Amathon's hall ; and looking Romans in,
(The door on-jar ;) yet silent stand without,
A space. On rushes, at clear hearth of turves,
Lo, age-bent comely Syrian mother sits.
By her, sits Keina, priestess, with white locks !
Gazing, him-thinks, how noble be their looks !
Maidens, on stools, companions of Rosmerta,
Be seated round the walls, of this poor hall :

And they, to clothe, intend, the poor of Christ,
Their cheerful tasks. Wool of dead Amathon's
flocks,
Some card, some spin, some weave. Her agéd
voice,
Lifts Salema oft, among, in sweet discourse.
Rosmerta sits by Keina, next in place:
And she, to-night, reads forth that *Lyber-Bret*;[1]
Wherein is writ, of the New Life, in Christ.
Seems some glad heavenly chant; and they rejoice,
With smiles and dulcet murmur of chaste lips.
Pudens then goeth in, boldly, Roman knight.
(And, in that, Salema, mother of His Church,
In Avalon, warns Christ's Spirit; with this loved
maid,
Should that elect young Roman be made one!)
And Pudens her, whose looks, as Summer gladness,
And eyes as star, which shines before the sun,
Beholds: she last him then beholds again,
Only of her womanly pity; and when she hears,
Was this he whom had healed her father Joseph.
Him, sees she angel-fair, for so would Christ;
As born again, purged from all earthly dross.
That looking of her eyes falls on his flesh;

[1] *v. p.* 128, vol. ii.

As when a sunlight gildeth some waste ground.
It pierced his soul, which yet in darkness lies!
When, after greetings, sit down Roman guests;
Rosmerta, as Salema bade, that roll gan read,
Anew. She opens, peradventure, place,
Where writ; He journeyed, eachwhere, doing good:
And when the day's sun set, on Jesus' head,
The Lord, alwere in open field, abode.
And white of hew was Jesus' virgin flesh;
Benign His countenance. Where He passed, He said,
Peace, to each wight, of high or low estate,
And beckoned unto heaven, with His hand!
Transported, Pudens gazeth, on the maid:
And pale he waxed and cold, and hot and red.
His stout heart quails, within his Roman breast.
Him seems converse in heaven! The whiles she reads,
Seem lamps her eyes, (whereon he looking dreams!)
Of love: such seem they, as, unto who sick,
The lattice-peeping star, in night's unrest.
And like to blissful sound, in Summer heat,
Of rain, that measure of the virgin's voice;
(Voice which him-seemed, in field, of Muse's lips,

Attuned to sweet consent of Phœbus' lute,
Making ambrosial melody, among the gods !)
When, after this, those sing an heavenly laud ;
What manly heart is there, of woman born,
But would not move to love, that sweet accord,
Lifted, of maidens' throats, to heavenly gods.
Sith Pudens risen, the spouse salutes of Joseph !
So turned to Ithobal's hall ; but not to rest.

In that fresh hour, when Britain's lavrock mounts,
On trembling wings, up, from the pearléd grass,
Rides Pudens forth, but having little slept.
To Mendip hills, returns the Roman knight.
Where come again, though he see no more Alban ;
Yet cannot Auleius from himself remove.
His heart, wherein is war of opposed parts ;
Is like to vast sea-billows' rumorous face,
Whereo'er have some great weathers lately passed.
Wanders his soul, then, as in wilderness ;
Where, neath dog-star, without or herb or bush,
Is giddy drought, consuming bitterness ;
Where woven have hot winds the sliding sand :
And only is God ; and under empty loft,
The fearful echoing of man's forlorn voice.
For love is like a fever, that ransacks

The reins, and dries the brain and inward parts:
A flower whose stem is fire, whose leaves are frost.
And lacking longtime sleep, each moment leaps
The heart up, in dry throat, of straitened breast;
And there stands still! Live present her dear looks,
Aye, in his transformed thought. The young knight day-
Long dreams, of eyes of love and meeting lips.
He would a murmuring bee he were; to sip
Of arcane sweet, (like to Elysian bliss!)
For evermore, from thence, his sustenance.
He dreams that maiden hand of her white flesh,
(Like Christ's,) joined unto his, in holy bond;
Which, in earth, maketh happy marriage.
He would he a lavrock were, that, all day, might
He, o'er her, singing flit, from toft to croft;
Where walks Rosmerta, like to golden Dawn,
Before her sheep-flocks, in fair mead of Alban.
Oft sitting, by his river's bubbling brinks,
Pudens, like Lælius, casts-in pebble-stones;
And would those flints he were, she the clear brook;
That evermore, her crystal sliding foot,
He might abide beneath, abide and drown.
Wastes then his sullen hours this knight of Rome,
To cast lots, with the spotless flowers of God,
That blow beside; tokening these daisies pied,

Himself; bright kingcups her, dight of pure gold:
So sprinkles, on the pool, his warlike hand.
And, as they mingle, or those swimming blooms
Be sunder drawn; so rise his hopes or wane.
How full of the infinite harmonies of my God,
Be these sweet fields! whose flowery Summer breath
Embalms the brain; where naught, to gentle heart,
But only, in all the world, sweet-love seems worth!
Then he, who daylong lonely wanders forth;
The eternal mystery, Infinite Love, discerns,
Which all upholds, before and with all was,
Love, increate, unborn God! Love spake, and stars
Were! and went forth, upon their crystal spheres.
He spake again; and spread forth, from His hands,
Wide earth, to be the nations' dwelling-place.
But whilst Love weary slept, an envious spirit,
The seeds of his decay, sowed in man's flesh!
Thus daily he fares, lone lingers, till late eve:
And henceforth all those daughters of the field,
And voiceful air, trees, herb, craigs, clouds, sweet birds;
And silver-footed streams of Mendip hills,
Wax dear, as kin, to him with wonted face.
When, last, now wanes from skies, day's cheerful light;
And kindled herd-swains' lucid star; (that fold
Then flocks, what hour wont fare forth evil beasts;

Whence handmaid she is named of huntress Cynthia;)
Gins Roman Pudens, pensive, homeward, trace:
But sith, upon his bed, finds little rest.

Looking, towards infinite gulf of these night-gods;
He cannot choose but think on Rosmerta!
Him-seems then, mongst celestial signs, ensphered,
To walk, alone, with her, in crystal paths.
From love to love, with her, from light to light,
His spirit seems mount; and yet with her is Christ.
He dreams, and yet is wake, till morrow's cock.
The Roman knight, pale, erewhile, of his wound,
Like one, now waxed, forgetful of his good.
So love, that drinketh up the spirits, still found
Is wasting malady, a consuming smart:
Love that, from highest mountain top, draws breath,
Love that can lift the basest from the earth!
Few had then known again this knight of Rome;
Who walks aparted from wont fellowship.
Oft would the Roman, he were Briton-born,
As Rosmerta; or hers were Latin tongue,
Which issues, from her mouth, as chain of gold.
Ah, might he but to her dear love attain;
And join to his, that only loveth Christ,
To his unworth, the sweetness of her life!

For multitude, be his unquiet thoughts,
Like to a city's thronging, in her streets;
Whereas men noble-lignaged seen to space;
Who commons most. Go some by, knavish wights,
That stink of misery, and are evil breathed;
Which clamour raise, at the soul's temple-gate;
Where might those enter, should they all deface;
And tread down her bright bowers. In Pudens' breast,
If some dark whispering, hell-crept, spirit entice,
(For he, mongst vanquished nation, Roman is;)
Through guile, or else parforce, his love possess:
Divine Philosophy, thy clear discipline,
Remembering, puts away this perfect knight,
As spotted serpent, so ungentle thought;
As breath on mirror of her image bright!
A certain Christos is that healing God,
Of her reputed father, Felix saith,
Judæus; but dwell not Jews, (whom Claudius erst
Expulsed from Rome,) to-day, in Cæsar's palace!
Is not long since, (was in his father's days!)
Accused of His own people, of the Jews,
(His crime sedition, in a Roman Province;)
By Roman Law, judged and condemned, died Christos;
Impaled, mongst men transgressors, on vile cross;

(Which only, of slaves, the infamous punishment is,
And murderérs !) but rose, Divine, from death,
Christos, and He to heaven, so Felix saith,
Ascended : where He was, ere thrown the stars,
Of God, were on their spheres ; so Felix saith !
  Then doubts this knight, how might he daughter bring,
Of barbare Isle, to Scipio's house, in Rome !
Though far her heavenly virtue should appear,
Bove Rome's loose ladies, and excelling feature.
Ah, noble Briton maid ! he sighs ; so rose
Pudens, from daylong musing, weak and faint.
  For living wound is love ; a deadly life,
Heart's dear constraint, which gladly we enclose :
A music's healing sweetness, in our souls ;
An heavenly trance, a dovelike true consent ;
Souls' covenant, drawn from their bodies forth ;
To walk in gardens of fair lawns and flowers.
How seems, then, our life's dream, whereo'er there shines
Love's rising sun, a new-found world of gold !
  Love is here lowest stair, to the Infinite Good.
Love-labour easy is : is aught so hard,
But will attempt it love ? with panting breast !
For love, love lightly would forsake the world !

Well wots he; might Rosmerta not be given,
To any Idolater. Thirsts then Pudens' soul,
Like to dry beast, that wanders lowing forth;
And cannot find, where to go down to drink!
How, being Roman? how, might he believe,
Great Pan was slain, and rose again from death!
Be many, in Asia, found, religions strange:
Him semblable, this of Syrian Joseph, seems,
To Mithras' rites, which lately brought to Rome;
Aye and mystery of Astarte and Adon slain;
Who raised, the third day, each year, is to the goddess.
But Felix saith, Christ greater was than thus;
Who sought passed spirits, in gulf, beneath the earth:
In Whom being also raiséd from the dead,
Shall we men from last powder of the grave
Eternally revive; so Felix saith!

Pistos, on whom Christ's saints their hands ere laid,
To preach God's word, in Britain's Roman Province;
Returning by Caer Bran, is Pudens' guest.
The morrow, first in seven, the Lord's day is;
And lo, assembled in his *villa* court,
Yet being very early, to break bread;

And nothing minish of their Master's tasks,
Poor souls together, brethren, which believe,
On Christ: and those bondservants are to Auleius!
  Uprose young Auleius; who laid on his bed,
Long, without sleep, hath heard a mingled voice,
(Souning with swallows and these early birds,
So rife in Britain,) óf hymns, in rude mouths
Of his own servants; glad and weeping voice!
  Soon from his balcony, pale yet, for love's heat,
And his old languor, he looks down; (nor yet
Is, but as twilight of a Summer's dawn,)
On this strange new assembling of his servants.
All stand, whilst Murcius fervent prays; which ceased,
Pistos exhorts, in lifting up his voice!
  He marks that mild demeanour of them all;
How gaze their eyes, like lovers' eyes, far-off;
How smile their lips, a smile not of the earth.
Poor wights, how gentle is their clownish cheer;
As some the noblest of this world they were!
  Marks Pudens, certain, kiss their adversaries;
And some, with tears, confess their former guilts:
Some fallen, upon their faces, quake and weep;
Some bowed down in their prayer, make moan; that might

They no more stain their souls, to death; whereof
This body should be temple-raiment pure;
Until they see Christ's coming in the air!
Pudens, being with new inward sweetness, toucht!
As one whom wakes a music in the night,
Recoils all softly, to his cubicle.
He feels, he wist not why, his soul at rest:
So makes him ready shortly to wend forth,
Unto the fields. But musing Pudens still,
Looks on the ikons, which his father, Verus,
Ranged on these walls, with his familiar gods:
Pythagoras; by whom stands old Sabine Numa,
Then Zeno; then that plat-faced ruddy son,
Of Sophroniscos, wisest man was named,
By the holy oracle; (he whom not-the-less,
His city, Pallas' city! put to death.)
Next him is Plato, Sapience of the gods.
Sith Rome's great captains, Scipio, Julius:
Last HOMER's image, ever crowned with flowers!
How lifts his soul in his *lararium*, Auleius;
Up to that God, of loved Rosmerta and Joseph!
Immutable, from Whom came forth our spirits.
His brow great drops sweats; whilst, his palms spread-forth,

Towards GREAT ALFATHER, Who the world sustains,
Of men and gods, his voiceless prayer ascends.
Though hearts more ripe of Britons, to receive
God's kingdom; Christ hath called this Roman
Auleius!
He all dáy, he all night-time, only sees Rosmerta.
Possesseth her pure heavenly radiance,
His being, like unto an abiding vision.
Him-seems, she beckons mild. Him-thinks he hears,
In every place, (bidding him send for Joseph!)
Rosmerta's voice. In vision he THE CHRIST
Beheld, as an impression in the air!

Again rose cry of famine, in Rome's Province.
Have seven-times hastily Britons gathered in
Their harvest of bread corn: most scarcity is,
Now this eighth year. Hungering in wide Duffreynt,
A wretched people journey from their cotes;
That stretch lean hands forth, clamouring to eat bread;
Even of strange Romans, their Land's enemies!
Men wander, full of sores, with tottering tread:
They fall in heaths; they die in thicket woods.
The remnant train their pithless joints uneath!
Young mothers, hollow-eyed, with sharpened looks,
And faint, lay deadly babes to their dry dugs.

The harrish hips, in vain, the forest leaves,
They chaw ; and the unkindly herb, alas!
For empty are their veins, as the South wind.
Lie cast men's carrions, under briar and bush,
Meat of corpse-birds : are filled the vales with stink ;
And rot, for putrid lies the grass, the brooks.
Fight unclean hounds, o'er carcases of wights ;
And gnaw their skulls, they hide then in the brakes.
Is none to bury, and all the world a grave !
Careless of warfare, which, erewhile, with Romans ;
How may they only eat, seek dying Britons.
Their bodies men, to bondage, for vile price,
Sell ! so their fainting little ones might taste
Of bread. Suetonius hastily, Cæsar's legate,
To Gaul, then tribute-gold sends of Isle Britain ;
To take up corn, and feed his dying Province.
But rousing him, from dream, is busy Auleius,
To succour Britons ; whose, towards fenny Alban,
Wayfaring feet, now Mendip, faintly, pass.
And yet, to more increase of many miseries ;
The sea, which shut in God, with walls of stone,
And bars of sand, so drave a vehement wind ;
That beat the giant flood, úp over salt strand !
Whence drowned the fenny plain ; that, with the mere,
Conjoined, is come again salt deep to Avalon.

Now in lockt *capsa*, amongst his father's books,
Auleius finds roll of Pollio Vitruvius ;
And reads, where Pollio entreats, in certain place ;
How frame, by building art, all kinds of argines,
Moles, dams and dykes, gainst sea and river's force.
Rides Pudens forth, to view the sites, with Murcius ;
And reasoning still, and pondering, in his thought ;
And heard at Aquæ now arrived the legate ;
He, turned his horse, rode thither, to Suetonius ;
To whom, next day, he all his care expounded.
Hears and grants the proprætor : and, to Pudens,
He issued his commission, to hew wood,
And conscribe labourers : further he him gives
Wains and an hundred pioneers. With these
Then Auleius, marched ; and all along the path,
He young men gathers and work-beasts. Come down,
To vast sea-breaches ; o'er his Briton folk,
He sets decurion soldiers. Day and night-time,
These travail, hewing beams ; which sith they ram,
Two ranks, in ooze, with beetles, twixt both tides,
And wind ; and stop, with crates and clay-stived sacks.
But when seemed, one day, nigh to be achieved,
Against that flood, their busy hasty work ;

And lightened is again his breast, rides Auleius,
To Avalon-ward, thence not far off. Him-seemed,
Then, as he rides, to hear an arcane voice,
Saying; Líke that Word, whereof ere Plato writ,
Christ of Alfather of the world is Breath.
And as he studies, in his mood, he is
Behold, arrived! and much uplandish folk
Finds hungry and wretched, wandered in to Alban;
Whom, housed, in turven cotes and osier bowers,
Now Shalum nourish, and the magistrate.
Joseph is borne, (infirm his prayer-worn knees,)
Amongst them in a litter; and outstretched
The father oft his hand, to heal and bless.
Now of all the famished women there, hath charge
Rosmerta: and fain are of the virgin's face,
Their weary eyes, as fowls of morning light;
Mother of orphans and their little ones;
Which thing, as he beholds, he trusts in Christ!
Blessed of the Lord; and sealed, betwixt them twain,
The lovely marriage bond, of Christ in heaven:
From that empyreal shining see, whereas
He sate, mongst Sons of God, ere this world was;
An angel slides. He lights, as Ray of Love

Divine, from azure wings, on earth's low clod ;
Wings like to changeful tokens of the dove.
  Now evening-red, Rosmerta is come home,
To Salema's bower, and lowly kneels the maid ;
And bowing down to Christ, her golden head,
Her innocent washen hands she folds, in prayer.
  Whilst, for her orphan little ones and poor,
She seeks the Lord ; and soars her wingéd thought ;
Enters, like unto glance of rainbow light,
In Amathon's hall, the angel. Else unseen,
His high immortal hand, holds over her,
The gracious crown of perfect womanhead.
  His other hand lifts censer, lo, divine ;
Wherein he inspiring, kindles holy warmth,
Of kindly affections, in her virgin being ;
New blameless earthly sense, dumb and unknown,
Of powers and virtues, which the world uphold,
Enlarging charity ; and seemed the Avalon maid,
Her, prayer-spread virgin arms, Christ's voice say,
    Fold
About My lambs, in spotless marriage!
  Wox then her gentle lifted heart abashed ;
And, in her prayer, she quakes, and weeps to Christ,
In sweet distress. And, for the evening light,
Whilst long she prayed, is wasted from the earth ;

She doubts it were some fever of the fen,
Which her molests. A little while, she sighed,
To the High Lord; and named dear name of Christ:
Then having sung an hymn, her down she laid;
And on her pallet sleeps, as child doth rest.
She dreams it Spring-time; when erst field and wood
Recomforted are with sunny beams and showers.
And seemed her then, one hail-beat, for Christ's sake,
An enemy, she, (some Roman, wounded, pale,)
Leads in to shelter. Seen, more nigh, his face;
It is the same whom healed her father Joseph!
But word this spake; how only was, for her,
He suffered languor; whence surprised her heart,
It came, him, brother, in her simple thought,
To call; and though she brother hath no mo.
Her pity seems, that one so gentle is,
The Lord not knoweth. Gan then, within her spirit,
The maiden pray, and him commend to Christ.
Seemed, in her dream, then, that his Roman tongue
Did ask, If that she choose alway, in Alban,

To dwell. But when was tempest-cloud o'erpast;
And wide again seemed garish sun shine forth,
On Avalon's mere; the stranger, parting, spake,
Farewell! and ached, to weeping, her young heart!
Rosmerta wakes; and stays her soul, on Christ:
So rose; and made her ready, to wend forth,
To minister needful things, to poor and sick.

BOOK XXIII

ARGUMENT

PUDENS asks Rosmerta to wife. The knight, who has ridden musing forth, is cast from his war-horse. Rosmerta finds Pudens hurt; and conveyeth him, in his swoon, again to Avalon. Waking in the night, Pudens sees Joseph; who lays on him his healing hands. At morrow, the Roman knight requires to be baptized. It is the Lord's day; and Britons, which believe, are assembled, in Ithobal's hall; to eat and drink the remembrance of Christ's death. They then salute Pudens, the new brother in the Lord. Roman Pudens and maid Rosmerta plight their troth. The young knight, returned to Mendip, waiteth for the appointed day of his marriage. Rosmerta, in Alban, prayeth, beside her mother's grave.

Pudens' happy bridal morn now dawns, in Mendip. The Roman *Palilia*. The young knight rides to Alban: where the brethren keep this day the memorial of Christ's ascending-up. Pudens' and Claudia's marriage. Rosmerta returns, with her Roman knightly spouse, to Mendip *villa*. Her Briton name is changed there to Latin Claudia.[1] Come to year's end, she beareth a son. Joseph journeys, to visit his daughter Claudia, from Avalon.

Ithobal, gone home to Cyprus; deceased is there, in Christ. Druids, of Eryr, come to Avalon. Pudens, made a senator, is recalled to Rome. Leaving Britain, he journeys thither, with Claudia and their young children. Come in to Tiber's mouth, they behold a great smoke; which is of Rome burning! They journey to Roman Alban. The elder Claudia, Pudens' mother. Persecution of Christ's people now in Rome.

The apostle, Simon, surnamed Zelotes, preacheth in Lybia. He passes the sea, to Spain; and finds brethren. Hearing of them, that Lazarus is in Gaul; he embarks anew, to go thither. Simon come to Vienne, findeth a certain disciple; and rests in his house. They journey on together, to Lugdunum; where he finds Lazarus, with Martha and Mary of Clopas. Martha telleth of their ship-voyage; and of Miriam's death. Simon now hath word, that Joseph preacheth Jesus Christ, in Britain!

[1] (2 Tim. iv. 21.)

BOOK XXIII

Being Auleius, in whose heart hath entered Christ,
As heaven's light, among his clownish folk;
To Avalon now arrived, with peaceful heart;
He is again, there, three days, guest of Joseph.
When erst then stilled the tumult of his breast;
Leading the man of God, apart, he asks;
Touching Rosmerta, the belovéd daughter;
To espouse her, as he is a Roman knight.
After short pause, the father answered thus;
My son, and thou mayest faithfully believe,
With us; and be baptized into Christ's death!
But heard this word, the Roman somewhile stood,
Silent; so, sadly musing, wandered forth.
He, found his steed, him bridles, in fresh mead;
And, (without purpose, whither,) mounts to ride;
Alone, and without any company.
Is Pudens ridden now forth, a mile or twain:
And thirsts his pensive soul, unto her good;
And yet, fantastic, dreams his gentile gods.

He thinks, of Álcestis, and Orpheus!
Was Plato's Word, which formed the heavenly maid;
And clothéd her *idéa*, with flesh of babe;
Which sith, in gardens of Adonis, nursed
The Graces three. Each gave her heavenly gift;
When they, in blissful well-spring, there amidst,
Had washed, from her pure clay, all mingled dross.
Bare Harmony, in her clear bosom, her to Earth.
Where daily her beauty the bright hours increased.
Her helm-clad Pallas gave then hew and voice,
Like descant of the Attic nightingale;
Lips dropping honey, as Hymettus' hive;
Whereas men's wandering thoughts, as bees, alight.
Is, in the lesser Elevsinian rites;
Wherein initiate was his father Verus,
Verse, which he, ofttime, heard, of him, rehearsed;
How, (children of the Sun,) should be our life
An harmony, as of music, in the earth.
Our soul age neither hath nor sex, though clothed,
(From heaven descended,) in an earthborn flesh.
Some, sign of washing, from our former guilts,
Wont be in all *cathársia* or mysteries.
Was in his mind, ride, by that timber path:

But, like one blind, this young knight round still goeth,
In his long musing, as in some dim wood.
Sudden then stooped, in moldwarp's rotten earth,
Auleius' tall steed ; and he, well-skilled to ride,
(That never, erst, from warlike steed was cast,)
Pight, on his head ; and, in a bramble-bush,
In trance, now lieth. And that sweet-smelling briar,
His pale brows guirlands, with her dainty flowers.
None, save Rosmerta, wist of this mishap ;
But eagle-eyed is love. She viewed fare forth
The knight. From hill-brow, training, turns his steed ;
His gold-bossed bridle empty, on green bent !
Generous, as longs, of kind, to noble blood,
She outrúns fleet-foot then ; runs-on, Briton maid.
Soon she hath caught that barded Roman steed,
Which cometh, soft hinnying, to her lily hands ;
As joying vail, to her, his lofty crest,
And sue her gracious steps. Their lady run,
Saw Dylan's sons, and left the flocks : his sons
Saw the old man ; who híeth-to, with his staff.
These, being to fair Rosmerta come, anon ;
The young men follow back, hard on the trace,
Of the steed's hooves, appearing in soft grass.
But she, with love's divining eyes, doth erst
Discern the fallen knight ; yet being far-off.

Look, where, come to himself, sate-up, he sighs ;
The sun of Summer, o'er his open head,
Towering. He, that all sees dim and confused ;
Yet hears Rosmerta's voice, (who now arrives,)
Like sound of waterbrooks, in his dumb mood.
  Straight, having Dylan's sons lopped alder-boughs,
In river-grove, their hands do hastily tress
A shepherd's hurdle, of the golden rods ;
Whereon, this Roman bear, to healing Joseph.
But soon Rosmerta, run down to Brue's stream ;
In her knit hands, whence prayers proceed and alms,
Brings water ; which she proffers him to drink.
Nor tarries she her foster-brethren, twain :
A woman's heart finds means more expedite ;
Nor love is not too nice, but bold indeed,
In face of men ; aye, and were of hostile gods !
  Bowing, as he, a battle-steed, is taught,
Under her hand, behold, his comely crest ;
The Roman courser kneels now, on green grass.
She, uplift, helps Dylan, then, this dazing knight.
He upstays him ; she now leads forth, a soft pace !
Three men towards Alban, coming, in this path,
Eftsoon them meet. To Dylan ; noble maid,
Then she, commits, convey this stranger forth.
(Auleius, astonished, smiles ; nor can yet speak !)

Rosmerta heard soon, how the man of God,
One dying to anoint in the Cranog,
Was rowed ; some elder women, which believe,
She sends ; to watch, for Christ, and serve this sick ;
Till that her father Joseph were come home.
Good Dylan, and his sons, have taken bruised Auleius,
Down from his steed ; and softly they him laid ;
On rushes now, on floor of Ithobal's hall ;
Where, ill at ease, that Roman eftsoons sleeps :
Nor wakes from stupor, till now is murk night ;
Hears then loud lifted voice ! Opened his eyes,
Behold, stands, with spread hands, that Syrian Joseph ;
(Who now returned, by dim light of the moon,
Over the mere, is wet with the night drops.)
Sate-up, well knows the Roman, that poor hall,
Wherein burns low a Briton lamp of earth.
To him the saint approached, with radious looks,
Now asketh of his health : then father lays
On him, those healing palms, of his : his lips
Murmur of gladness, mongst immortal spirits !
Twixt sleep and wake, lifts Auleius, in his trance,
His heart to heaven : him thinks he hears, he sees,
Intelligencies, more than Plato saw !

And yet was within night, when noise of feet,
Without. Is he who enters Felix Murcius;
Ridden from Caer Bran, and powdered all with dust.
(Had Dylan sent, by one of his own sons,
Word, hastily, of the young knight's mishap, to Mendip.)
Feeble and faint, relates to him then Auleius;
In vision of the night, he saw the CHRIST!
Joseph, towards day, returned; the father took
Him, by the hand; and he arose, in health.
Hark, Pudens asketh, in His name, that might
He be baptized! The saint, which buried Christ,
Took water; and in that he fervent prayed,
Pours, joying, on that bowed-down Roman's head.
And fell God's Spirit, on Pudens; who adores,
(Like debtor poor, what hour, from prison-pit,
Lifted, he sees the sun, and goeth free forth,
In raiment new and clean,) Christ's marvellous Light!

Mild springs this dawn; and blithe the lark upmounts.
Come, fleeting, hither from all holms, in barks,
Of osier-work, Christ's little Alban church;
Singing hymns, as they row, over the lake.
Then men and women Britons, fresh and trim,

Up from the strand, to Ithobal's hall ascend.
Each, on their part, at door, then enter in :
And smiling, as the morrow, be their looks ;
This first day of the week, come to Christ's feast.
They sitting then, of the Apostles' hands,
Eat bread, that dear remembrance of Christ's death ;
And drink all of one cup. They joy and weep ;
Yea and some, oft issuing, looketh from the porch ;
To see, if come not yet, the risen Christ !
With company of bright angels, from the East,
And cloud of His dead saints. Apart, stands Auleius.
And marvel Britons, when that Roman knight
They marked among them, thus. But when they hear,
That he this morn was washt, unto New Life,
Confessing Christ ; they all begin salute
Him, Brother, in the Lord, with holy kiss ;
And take him all, in order, by the hand.
Were last him, on his manly front, to kiss,
Rosmerta's sweet twinned lips ; that breathe the Christ !
Then Joseph, standing, spake, among the saints ;
Touching the worthy suit of Brother Auleius,
For Rosmerta, dear daughter, in the Lord,
He it approves ; and signifies Christ's Spirit,

The first fruits this should be, of Britain's peace!
Then gently, of maid Rosmerta, he enquires;
Whether, of her free-will, before Christ's Church,
She, brother Auleius, sealed to heavenly life,
Receive, in holy bond of happy marriage?
Forth-standing she; at erst, the bashful flame
Flushed meekly through the ingenuous virgin's cheeks;
That seemed then gentle flower of eglantine.
Sith Kowain's daughter stedfast answer makes;
In all things, she would do the will of Christ!
The holy women, and those shipwrecked saints;
That, mongst the Britons yet remained alive,
Joying, with these, rise up around them both;
Which plight, in Joseph father's hand, their troth:
And shall be knit their wedlock's spotless band,
What month her mother Salema shall appoint.

In this, as heaven's gladness, and new life;
Dwells Auleius forth, in Alban, other days;
Being also instructed of the man of Christ:
And teacheth him God's Spirit's inner voice.

He his spouse-sister sees, in Ithobal's house.
She, coming, daily asketh, why he sighs?
Co-heir, with Christ uprisen, of endless life!
She doubts some new grief of his former wound.
After her daylong almesdeed, ben they met,
At rushy border of the silent mere;
Where, lovely, linking hands, they walk in fere;
And each to other show their faithful hearts.
All joy, to look, which meet them in the path,
Upon that pair, (she Briton, he a Roman,)
Of noble spouses, both of heavenly feature,
And likely age, agreeing well together!
She loveth him, for Christ; he Christ, for her.
Rosmerta is the gate, the path, the stair;
Whence risen his heathen soul to life, from death.
Yet somewhiles is, of maiden Rosmerta,
The heart amazed: she musing trusted soon
Christ, with great power and glory, in the air,
To judge the world, have seen, descending down!
What profit then of earthling marriage?
And though be forged, in heaven, their wedlock's bond;
Yet agéd Salema, willing to eschew
The appearance even of unseemly haste;
And till more fully established, in the truth,

Were Pudens ; she their bridal day deferred,
Till season when, in spring-time, wont the saints,
Keep joyful feast, of the ascended Christ.

Long the dim Winter is and chill, in Britain ;
Whence was his former wont return to Aquæ,
New city of Roman baths and wine and feast :
But now he savours the new things of Christ.
Yet, come to misty Mendip, Auleius yearns,
More than the little fowl, to lenten tide ;
To that dear happy eve, wherein made one,
For aye ; they twain, from Avalon should wend home.
As who tossed of wild waves, that sails the deep,
Chides the long hours, and chafes, in long disease ;
Till he do see, far-off, his haven at length ;
So pass, for Auleius, those heart-weary days ;
Pass, as dim clouds, that creep o'er Mendip field.
Yet, as to who, returning from long voyage,
Each step seems lighter, though more weary his feet ;
So unto Pudens, this discourse of weeks ;
Till come that feast of the ascended Christ,
Which blissful morn is of his marriage.
The churlish Winter-blasts, at length, be wasted ;
That lately warped the field, with hoary frost ;

Which, in those days' derne light, seemed shrouded
corse.
Now, from that flinty bosom of the mould,
Utters the tender herb: the ewes, long pined,
Do yean; they come, at eve, with blowen bags,
Full-fed, back to their stalls. Glad of the time,
Hark warble soft the siskin and the wren.
Now pipes the merle, and jocund sings, all day,
The throstle cock, among the golden knops.
Sweet Spring, new-born is on the sun-wooed earth.
Each eve, in Mendip, watcheth Roman Auleius,
For the new moon. O joy, at length, when he
Sees, three days old, her sickle slender face!
Soon to go down. Then daily her increase,
He views, in heaven; and comfort takes his heart:
And yields that togate Roman laud, to Christ.

Nigh is the week; are few now more the days,
Unto that holy eve, when many in Alban,
For the Lord's coming, look, till morning light.
There Joseph's daughter-in-the-Lord, Rosmerta,
Rich in almesdeed, doth speed her daily tasks;
In showing mercy, to the poor and sick.
Now afternoon; and she, in wicker bark,
O'erfared to pray, beside her mother's grave:

Alone, there lowly kneels, adoring Christ!
And kindling her young heart, to God, she weeps :
That He remember this dear earth, what day
The righteous Lord, (as lightning, from the East,
To West, outshines,) shall appear, in a moment!
That, ah, He wake, to mercy, her dear dead.
  Yet, in her heart, a little heaviness is
Left, that now the last morrow is so nigh ;
When must, from this dear dust of Herfryd's grave,
She twin, with her loved spouse ; and, will of Christ,
Depart, from all she held ere dear, in Alban :
But grace shall her suffice, of Christ, she trusts.
  Come then last eve, bathed in aparted place,
Her body pure, and consecrate to Christ ;
She wades, and budded lilies of the mere,
Crops, here and there. Gone forth, she takes to her,
Her raiment. Then her loving hands, once more,
The mother's grave o'erstrewed with lovéd lilies,
And seemly deckt. So, weeping, she her laid,
On sod, down that dear mounded earth beside ;
Her head to the grave's head, her feet to feet.
And it embracing, dear, the noble maid,
Calls to her fantasy, the dead mother's face ;
And thought on her, whom, oft, in dream, she meets.
So wept and prayed ; she prayed again and wept.

The day is glooming now, Rosmerta rose ;
And spake, with trembling lips, betwixt her sobs,
Mother, farewell! till that great day of
Christ.
Sith, went she a little way, and kneeled down by
Her grandsire, good old Amathon's grave, and prayed ;
And it, with white stones, she repaired around.
Then mound, likewise, of Dylan, newly dead,
In Winter days. And him, deceased in Christ,
Over the mere, men rowed, with mournful note,
Of shepherds' pipes ; where the old herdman's grave,
As dying he had willed, at his lord's feet,
Men digged. They laid his crome, beside the dead,
(Whereof, some fable, thorn did spring ; whose bough
Wont blossom, in Christ-tide, amidst the snow.)
O'er him the herdgrooms, (bound, with bitter yew,
Their rivelled brows,) did sing, in rustic sort ;
Lig a lily corone, on his chest,
Who sleeps here fast, till God's great uprist,
When shepherds, kings, shall sitten, with
her Christ!
Sith entered, in her little osier skiff,
Rosmerta much communing, with her heart,
Ferries back to the holm of Avalon.
So come in Salema's bower, she finds all there,

Prepared to morrow of her marriage!
How Salema, to her agéd breast, takes her,
Her daughter dear! and they together weep.

Spent is the night; on Mendip hills, now daws
Thrice-happy morn. There little, ere the sun,
With devout heart, mounts Pudens, with good Murcius.
His household wait, in their best garments trim.
They bless him, who rides forth. Hark merry note,
Of trump; then shout, beyond, saluting Auleius!
(Soldiers, in Caer Bran camp, where he doth pass.)
Day also, of mirth, for the *Palilia*, it is,
(Rome's lambing-feast,) even in this far-off Province;
Being birth-night of the city of Romulus:
When jolive herdgrooms, in all Latin field,
Sprinkled their ruckling folds; when erst, in heaven,
Is day-star seen, with well-spring water pure,
Dance on the green. Sith they, with sulphur smoke,
Do purge their stalls; and hang, on all the posts,
To Pales, god, wreathed rosemary and meadow herbs,
And laurer bough; and offer honey-cakes,
Baked on their rustic hearths. Kindled then fires,
Of the old stover heaped; when they, with milk,
Them quench, to sound of cymbals and shrill flutes;

Their flocks they chace, with merry dancing foot,
And shouts, through the thick reek. Last Rome's herdfolk,
At set of sun, when fallen the sacred light;
Beneath those flocks and herds now of shire stars,
Leaned on their elbows; drinking mulse and milk,
In yewen cups, keep New-year's joyous feast!

Come Pudens, on the path; him-seems the Christ,
Is risen indeed; even as this blissful sun,
That maketh all glad; and soars his soul to heaven.
Where morrow's mist yet vapours from the sod;
And gossamer, in smooth South wind, blows, they ride;
By brakes, by sloe-thorns, blossomed like a cloud;
In whose sweet boughs, chant blithe the early birds,
(Men feign, to-day, each chooseth for the year;
Her make:) by meadows then, where gaudy shines
Herb cuckoo, springing in new thicket grass;
And whiten daisies pied all the wide mead,
And gentle primrose blows, under wood-side.
Seem all these wakening flowers, to sing in the sun.
Like to a subtle music of the field,
Is in his ears! The old is waxen young:
Casts-off her Winter weariness the old year.

Yonder, leap young lambs, coursing one another ;
And every ewe hath twins. Seems Roman Auleius,
Like to a new-deckt bride, this coast of Britain.
Sweet odour is abroad, high tide of love.
Warm amorous breath spires, from this flowery sod ;
Which full of infinite tongues, that the All-good,
High-Father of the world hymn and still laud.
Praying, in spirit, like to yond faltering lark,
Which soars from herb, is lifted up his heart ;
And joying, all the way, ascends to God.
Slow-streaming Brue they pass ; whose rushy brinks,
To-day, new-guirlanded, lo, with springing grass.
Then through the lyn, they plash, by shallow ford.
And yet is early ; when to Avalon holm,
They now ascend. Men mark his Roman face ;
As angel, fair ; for so hath purged God's Spirit,
Of base affections, riding in the blood,
His gentile soul, and winnowed from all dross ;
And it restored to image, that, at erst,
The Lord in Adam formed ; which was in Christ.
How is this morrow sheen ! calm is the mere
Of Avalon, circling, lo, the fisher's oar.
Over the lake, shrill-sounding reeds, they hear ;
Of them, that nigh in barks, hinds and herdgrooms.

Who first arrive, mount hastily now from shore ;
And carol, joyous, on this pearléd grass.
The Sun, in purple stole, like bridegroom crowned,
With lightsome rays, in chariot, mounts. The hours
Strew the wide heavens, before his steepy path,
With blos'ms ; to his high bridal with the Earth :
Snowdrops, with crocus then, and primrose pale.
He gilds, with his broad streams, now misty Avalon.
Against the spouse, that nighs, o'er dewy grass ;
Clad in fresh lawn, lo, maiden choirs tread forth.
Some have their clear brows, with sheen chapelets bound,
Of flowers ; and wear them other in their hairs.
Of these poor Alban holms, all virgins ben ;
And playferes of the thrice-belovéd bride.
Their voices ben like bells, of silver sound,
Which, cometh from fár sheep-cotes, unto men's ears.
Lo, where she stands, on threshold of her sire !
Who lily fair, in Christ, is beauty's queen.
In beauty's Isle, so fair, is seldom seen.
Her virgin fellows have, with guirlands, crowned
Her jacinth locks, and dight with golden fret,
Which Herfryd's was, emailled with budded lilies.
But she, herself, is like to lily wand.
Sweet flower of Christ, she risen, at morning red ;

Yet once, her orphan poor and little ones,
Had visited; and to them pártage made,
Of all her good; and, towards her mother's grave,
Once more, she had looked forth, and yearned to God!
Returned those virgin choirs; the bride, adorned,
Bring forth, with song; song which, to this day, made,
Cuan, sweet bard of Christ, and well attuned.
Her orphans, flowers strew of the springing mead,
Before her gracious steps, and smelling sedge;
Whilst they, with lips, like budded roses, sing.
All, on that other part, then, the young men;
Clad in their best array, with twinkling feet,
And singing Christ, do bring forth Roman Auleius.
Lead Dylan's sons this carol, with glad voice.
So go up those blithe bands, with hymns; and each
Now enter, from their parts, that hall of Joseph,
Which Ithobal builded, (who no more in Britain,
But sand of Cyprus covers his white bones;
Which wait that Pilot great, of his last voyage!)
Within this hall, stand praying, with stretched palms,
Behold the fathers, which remained alive;
Syrians, in their best Briton garments, clad.
Be those grown old, with Arimathean Joseph.
They, as the spouses enter, loud them bless!
The saints, with comfortable words, this morn,

Bear witness, unto all the assembled Church ;
Of that beheld their eyes, the Master Christ,
To heaven, from holy hill, ascending up.
And as they pray and gaze, they cannot choose,
Old men, because his coming yet delays,
The Lord, and tarries so long time, but weep.
All sitting down at board, lo, now, they eat
That mystic bread ; sith all drink of one cup ;
The same wherein had Christ, Son of The Blesséd,
Ordained that dear remembrance of His blood ;
Which shed was, from foundation of the world ;
That night, which Him betrayed to wicked death.
Before them all, then standing forth, taught Joseph ;
How, from the world's beginning, the Lord gave
To man and woman, children of His breath,
Trust, helpmakeship, in fruitful holy estate
Of faithful wedlock, to increase of His
Eternal kingdom. Shalum sithence spake,
How Jesus blessed, with sweet looks, a bride-feast ;
And, therein erst showed forth His mighty works.
And, lo, together laid their hands, in his,
The hand, with Pudens' hand, of her pure flesh !
And murmuring all lips, in the Lord, them bless.
And seemed a prayer, her guileless voice of love :

In that she, angel-faced Rosmerta, plights
Her maiden troth! And her two blameless eyes,
(Eyes, that seem windows of the morning light,
Of heaven, whence issuing angels of God's rest,)
Look benedictions. In their blissful streams,
Our cloddy cares decay, dies our unworth.
The Apostle-father stretched his hands, and named
The Highest aye-living Father, and His Christ!
He layeth them twain, on his two children's heads,
Blessing them; and o'er them pray all the Church:
Whereafter, joyous, loud, gan Britons sing
New hymn of Cuan: and so abroad they pass.
But the holy women, unto whom denied
The Lord an offspring, come to Rosmerta,
Loved child, with yearning bowels of motherhood;
Her, their fruit in the Spirit, long dearly embrace!
For she is child, in Christ, of childless saints.
And weep, (with them, weeps Keina, druidess,)
They longtime, all, o'er her, for dear constraint;
And feed on her their teeming eyes of love.
All dwellers in the watery holms of Alban,
Who yet of druids, and who be now of Christ;
Gather, of entire heart, to this spouse-feast,
Of loved Rosmerta, heir to Amathon's house.

And many have marked, this morn, is come the stork ;
Foretokening happy fruit of marriage.
Behold, in their best raiment, thronging all
This people, with blithe hearts and cheerful speech ;
Now, in fair meadow, bordering nigh the lake.
Under broad oaks, be, yonder, tappets dight,
Of the sere rush ; where set, (which Joseph blessed,)
Is banket, on this new sweet-breathing grass ;
Whereas, who list, may eat ; and drink who thirst.
For there is bread in baskets white ; bake flesh
Of sheep, and also sod, with corn and broth ;
And butter savouring of the thymy mead ;
Wild honeycombs, and waterfowls' wild eggs ;
And fishes broiled, out of the rushy lake :
And flummery and junkets, clottered cream and curds ;
Wood-strawberries ripe, nuts and, in Syrian wise,
Cherries and bullaces parched of the old year.
Be such poor cottage-messes of the poor ;
Which yet might well suffice, to feed man's life,
Whose flesh is clay. And there be mazer cups,
And smooth milk-bowls ; and wine, in yew-staved fats,
Of Avalon's apples ; which prepared, to this
Day, Syrian Salema. Sit, in the rest-place,
Behold a little company of Syrian saints :

And of that sun-kissed fruitful soil of theirs,
They hold discourse, land, wherein walked the Christ.
  Seemed bride Rosmerta, to their agéd hearts,
Like blossomed almond bough. Fastened, on her,
Be women's eyes; where, like a dove, she wends;
And smiles, in taking each one, by the hand.
And every heart joys, looking on her face;
Whence floweth radious blissful influence,
To all, with parfume of high heavenly thoughts;
That heaven, whence spirit was to her body lent;
Passing, in fairness, daughters of the earth.
  Then turned, they look, on that new brother Auleius;
Who walks with Felix Murcius, and with Pistos!
Men like of Pudens' stature, hew and countenance.
How spreads his heart, like daisy in the sun;
When he his bride beholds! None he so fair,
To-day; nor happy day, as this, hath seen!

  Young men dance, yonder, to loud shrilling note,
Of married reeds, entunéd sweet, which plays
A jolly herdswain, with so curious skill,
That all the laund did, with wild sweetness, ring:
Those beat, with nimble shifting feet, the green.
  Yond, maidens, their ring-dances, trace apart;

Daughters of Alban holms, with virgin cheer.
With maiden fillet bound, hath every one ;
As blos'm of waterflags, her broidered hair.
Their arms shine whiter than doth cruddled milk.
Smell of their garments is like Summer heath ;
Where suck wild bees sweet thyme in the sunbeams.
Then glad-eyed children, lo, with gleeful voice,
Dancing in round ; whose cheeks like apples rudded.
And when these sometime cease, waked Cuan chords,
Of silver sounding crowth, with happy hands.
Love is, he sings, the livery of Christ!
And, shaped like dove, seemed Cuan's instrument,
Fowl, which doth spread her trembling wings, to rise,
Towards the High God. And seemed his Briton chant,
An harmony, then, to flow, as morrow's milk ;
To comfort and to nourishing of men's souls.
And aye some new-birth of his mind, he chants :
And still his numbers rise ; that, were they writ,
Sweet bard, in Attic tongue ; his Briton lays
Should pierce the ears of ages yet to come.
And men him give the guerdon of a bard,
Reaching him loaves, wild eggs, and honeycombs ;
And maidens bring him posies of field flowers.

Sith the hérdgrooms do, in masteries, contend ;
(Come hinds, which neighbours dwell to fenny Alban,)
To leap, to wrestle and to run ; with bow,
To prick, or smite, out of feat sling, with stone,
Amidst the garland. Like then butting rams,
Some wrestle. One runs forth, most fleet of foot,
Now like grey wolf ; the rest, as yelling hounds,
Do hunt him on the mould ! Each valiant youth
Covets a smiling praise, in the fair eyes
Of some belovéd maid. Ceased those, hark strive
A young men's company, in loud herding lays,
Who best her beautifullest bride, can praise.

Some, for her fairness, call her Avalon fawn ;
(And was she suckled of wild roe, is fame ;)
Some swan, some cushot, some Spring's nightingale ;
Some early murmuring bee, for soft sweet voice ;
Some shepherds' star, some lily ; and other pearl,
Of dew, hangs midst the leaves, sheen, in the sun.
Sith carol upland roundels, men and maids.

When last gins stoop, from his mid-afternoon,
The sun, seen timely hour ; yoke Dylan's sons,
To that emailled white cart, of the dead sire,
Hath long in hall upleaned, veiled with a cloth,
Old Amathon's steeds. Called aged Salema forth,
Then loved Rosmerta, from the maidens' bower ;

Where ready her her virgin feres have dight,
Towards her bride-journey, to the Roman *villa*.
Her upper weed is lawn of the cranog,
Fair as swan's wing, on Alban's sacred mere.
She thanketh thém, they her ; all their hearts bless
This spotless flower of Christ, which doth them kiss.
Behold now her, among them, coming forth!
Seems fade, a moment, her glad countenance,
To part, so soon ; and leave them here, in Avalon.
All mark, how living ray shines on her looks!
Of heaven-born beauty and grace. In her sweet sight,
Did enemies behold their enemies,
With hearts' accord, each, other, should embrace.
And yet, midst many tears, Christ's handmaid joys,
That she, with the belovéd spouse, should ride.
Now cometh that Roman, noble, joyous Pudens ;
Bearing his bride-gift to her, in his hand ;
Collar of virgin-pearls, in double lace :
Pearls which the Britain-shell, great Julius sought,
(Of some celestial dew conceived,) brings forth.
He, bridegroom, girds, with loving words, therewith,
Rosmerta's gentle neck ; which antique fret,
(It Herfryd's was,) adorns, of Briton gold.
The chest, wherein her raiment of fine lawn,
(Which maiden daughters broidered of the holm ;

That Salema hath prepared,) is bound in chariot.
Her orphan little ones, last, having kissed ;
Rosmerta, noble Briton maid, upmounts.
And Githa, with her, Dylan's daughter, rides :
(Githa shall serve her in the Roman *villa*.)
Part sad, she smiles. Who say, with smiling lips,
Farewell! marks she, have heaviness, at their hearts.
Then all, which heard that cry! hie, towards her chariot,
Who in the field ; to see her hastily part.
She shakes the reins! Run forth those agéd steeds,
That whinny, at her dear voice, as they did voice,
Again, of Kowain hear. His steed mounts Auleius.
Murcius mounts ; and they follow forth her chariot.
Cry all the people aloud, then ; God her speed!
Felix before them rides, who shows their path.
But her two foster-brethren, Dylan's sons,
Do long continue, coursing on their feet,
Her steeds beside, still looking in her face ;
They pray, they never mote from her remove!
A mile those run or twain : and sith, at voice
Of Pudens, who admires their antique faith,
She grants. And, for they might not stand in chariot,
Wherein no place ; he caused two of his servants,
To take them up, backriders, on the croups

Of their tall steeds. Then were the fosters glad ;
As who, from drenching waves, attains to land.
Of those poor island brethren, Dylan's sons,
The younger, Elathan, later was, in Rome,
Of Auleius' household : where he, in hoar age,
Being damned of Antichrist, to fight with beasts ;
Before the heathen witnessed, with great voice,
That Christ is Lord ! and joyous took his death.
With skill, that comes of kind, to gentle blood,
To handle steeds, Rosmerta guides her chariot ;
In so rough ways, that marvels Roman Auleius,
With many a loving look and gentle speech.
The Sun, now drooping over Mendip coast,
The welken wide adorns ; whose purple clouds,
Seem heavenly sheep-flocks, garded all with gold.
Twixt new-set trees, they pass, in comely rows ;
Which planted Verus had for shade and fruit,
By Roman causeway; at whose head, beyond,
Lo, Pudens' *villa*. Soldiers stand, of Cæsar,
Longs the two hays, with daffodillies crowned ;
And wreathed their spears and war-bruised shields,
with flowers.
All salute Auleius, with loud merry throat ;
And *Io Hymen, Hymen !* joyful shout.
Then heard was Latin voice, in some rude mouth,

Saying; Britain's Cynthia wedded Roman knight;
To-day, a Gaulish maid hath vanquished Rome!
Stand Pudens' household ready, in his hall-porch,
With guirlands crowned; (they strew, with leaves, her path;)
All, in their best array, with cierges clear;
To welcome in their lady. All her bless,
Beholding that mild bounty of her looks;
Who lights down, to her noble spouse, from chariot.
Her Murcius brings the keys, of her own house.
Trembling her heart, she enters there, with Christ!

Briton Rosmerta, Roman spouse, so bears,
These days, her meekly, in her new estate;
That all her love, which look upon her face.
And God, who made the kindly yoke of marriage,
Lightens her burden. And, in her chaste life,
She, peerless lady, of perfect womanhead;
Doth mightily commend the yoke of Christ.
Her spouse, she loves: and Pudens if her, maid,
He, erewhile, loved all earthly thing above,
Much more her now he loves; so far exceeds
Her heavenly, as her outward feature doth.
Sweet Britain pearl, beside thine innocent worth,

Like to a Grace, amidst their dark-eyed malice;
How tawny were, who fair esteemed, in Rome!
And joys Rosmerta, seeing then daily grow
The image of the Christ, informed in Auleius.
And kindly affectioned, in all lawful thing,
Is she to please him. And when Auleius asks,
That she might seem less stranger, in the rest;
(The rather, in that named is gentile goddess,
Rosmerta,) were her name now changed to Claudia,
After his mother; and, in days of Claudius,
That, also, came his father into Britain.
Then Britons call her Claudia Rufina;
Which sounds, The Roman Claudia, in their tongue.
Through that God-given power of faithful love;
Which miracles hath wrought, and doth yet work;
So gotten, in brief space, hath Briton Claudia,
On her sweet tongue, the use of Latin speech;
That Romans name her New Cornelia.
Then come Mid-winter, (when they dwell in Aquæ,)
Is Claudia made a mirror of Christ's light.

Returned, when New-year springs, to Mendip *villa*,
Hark, in her cubicle, sings cradle-songs,

Claudia, Christ's handmaid! yet, from childbed, faint;
For, of her body, the Lord's temple pure,
This night, was born a Roman unto Christ.
Then longed she, towards her parentage in Alban;
And tidings sends; them praying, to come soon.
But agéd Salema journey might no more;
So stiffened be her joints. Bedrid lies Sabra,
Full of old aches, sith longtime, in her bower.
Also, in this Winter's ending, Keina slept;
And, washed from sin, departed unto Christ.
But Joseph rose, and girded him; alwere
He infirm, the father would his children seek.
Him faithful Britons bear then gladly forth,
From mile to mile, in frame of wicker-work;
Being men, which looking for eternal life,
Do count them debtors to the saint. Discourseth
Much Joseph, in the way, of risen Christ;
And made this hope their burden seem more light.
Joseph come to Caer Bran and Roman *villa*;
His son-in-law saluting, Roman knight;
He Claudia blesseth, yet feeble, and her sweet babe;
Lifted from cradle, in his agéd arms!
Have all, which of this hope, in Pudens' *villa*,
Comfort, in that they see the father's face;
Whose hands they reverent kiss, that handled Christ.

How blissful this now first day of the week ;
Which come about, renews their souls' high feast ;
Wherein breaks Joseph to them bread of Life,
And takes them cup of Blessing ; and who looks,
Upon them all, with eyes which saw the Lord.
That seems Christ's flesh, indeed, done on the cross ;
Which they, in their love-thrilléd hands receive !
Next morn ; and having blessed all those, and prayed,
Joseph returns, in Roman wain, to Alban.
The saints, and also Hyn, now Amathon's flocks,
In Alban, to Rosmerta, would send forth :
But Auleius, utterly, (tiding had thereof,)
It hath recused, and likewise noble Claudia ;
Save half what fruit the ewes have eaned this year ;
To stock the hills, about their Mendip *villa.*
Thus write they both ; that heirs, in fenny Alban,
Were made together, of the Hope of Christ.

The Apostle father writes, at sundry times,
To his dear children in the Lord, in Mendip ;
Touching that heavenly Hope, with his own hand :
Which Hope wakens, each day, the man of God ;
Who, night-long, lies expecting, on his bed,
Hear triumph-shout, Christ cometh, with His saints !

Touching that company of the shipwrecked brethren,
From Canaan of the East, which dwelled in Alban,
Strong Alexander first received the CROWN ;
And, last year, sailed good Ithobal, to his own.
Much yearned the mariner's soul, to land and house.
Yet most weighed in his breast, to yield account,
To his ship's owners, of their vessel's loss ;
And to poor men, had trusted him their goods.
Journeyed, from Aquæ, with some legion's-servants,
And come to Troynovant ; he in Roman ship,
Of charge, passed over to the Main. Through Gaul
Wayfaring; Ithobal, after much land-voyage,
Found vessel, at Massilia, Cyprus-bound.
Being come to Paphos ; Mnason lately, he hears,
Deceased, at Joppa, faithful in the Lord.
O joy of Ithobal, when he finds, Christ hath,
(Through preaching of the Apostle Barnabas,
His countryman,) entered also in his house !
Sith Ithobal each day sits, and speaks of Christ,
Unto all who idle sea-folk, on the quays ;
Which the old shipmaster, in much reverence hath.
Came day, when should there chosen, in that town,
Be one of good report, a citizen,
To their *Prytaneion*. All that Paphos sea-folk,
For him ; and not few citizens, gave their voices.

With songs the magistrates and with merry flutes
Brought home then Ithobal, to their city's hearth:
Where pilot of Christ's saints, that daily his thought
Casts, towards Isle Britain, might he not long dwell.
Christ called him, to the eternal Rest, in heaven!

As moths flit to the candle, come to Alban
In, men of Eryr's druids; which óf those strangers,
From land far-off, and leading holy life,
Enquire; (in whose mouths message of God's peace!)
What thing they teach, touching that Heavenly One.
Old men have, mongst them, seen, from their hill-paths,
By night, new stedfast Light, to heaven, ascending;
Hence. (Is the evening prayer of those few saints!)
Like to that sheaf we see, from windowed cloud,
Of sunny beams; illumine all South Britain!
Other, which most discumbered of the world,
Heard voices, as from stars; and footsteps seen,
Were, in their steeps, of heaven-descended ones!
Souls, without guile, those works of healing Joseph,
Beholding, do believe, in their true hearts.
Those, of the saints, then, instantly, have besought
Them send some-one, which, with the Lord, conversed;
To teach them Way of Light, in their hill-coasts.
Then having prayed, the brethren did cast lots;

And taken is Aristobulus, in whom gift
Of tongues; and Barnaby maker of sweet lauds,
The Ebionite. The rest their hands then laid,
On these: sith devout Britons brought them forth.
The lady Claudia, full of faith and prayer,
Is fruitful in the Lord; and, year by year,
She beareth to her dear spouse, sons: and was,
That are they Christ's, in dream, revealed to her.
And that, in troublous age, was after seen;
When, for the faith, twain laid down their young lives:
The third Christ's faithful bishop was, in Rome.

The fourth year, of this heaven-knit marriage;
Being, Auleius Pudens, made new senator,
Received commandment, to repair to Rome;
Where Nero now restores that purpled Senate,
Which ere he slew. Makes, to depart, with Auleius,
Her ready Claudia! Should not, as Isle Britain,
Be to her, every soil, wherein is Christ?
Yet oft, embraced her little ones, she weeps;
For waits, in Belgic port, their white-winged ship;
And she hath other suckling babe, at breast:
Whence she might not, once more, descend to Avalon.
But come the morn, when from their *villa* gates,
(Where dwelled they happy days; that it, of Christ,

Had seemed an inn, upon their way to heaven !)
They should begin this journey to sea-haven !
Lo, their poor servants wait, with cast-down looks,
Without. Claudia's white hands, which those all kiss,
With their salt tears, ben wet. She, daughter, weeps,
Of noble Kowain, mongst her Briton folk !

Claudia, towards Avalon's lowly strand, looked forth ;
Where dwell her kin, and rest her dead, with Christ !
And weep her little ones, which see her weep.
Pudens to Murcius, hath committed trust,
Of all their good ; bidding that faithful steward,
Be still a father of the poor in Mendip :
So o'er fair field of Duffreynt they ride forth.

The fourth day, nighing now that Belges' port ;
Servant o'ertakes them, from their Mendip *villa*,
(Jacinth ;) with Tegid, thither hastily sent :
Who cometh, with blessing to them both, from Joseph ;
And roll, to Claudia bears, this Lyber Bret !
Whilst, with a trembling hand, the father sealed
It, Tegid quoth ; his aged tears brake forth.

Pudens and Claudia, in the second month ;
Being come, with their sweet babes, by sea and land,
Cold mighty Alps beyond ; and there embarked,

Sith, passed by Tyrrhene coast, with prosperous voyage:
Their keel stands now, to enter Tiber mouth.
Day breaks, when Claudia risen first looks, lo, forth;
To see that sovereign City's gilded roofs;
Whose hundred legions vanquished have wide earth!
But as she holds her husband, by the hand;
Behold this rising sun, like a dim round,
Of blood, over Portumnus' temple-roof;
As seen through vast strange murkness of a cloud;
That, like as smoke, o'er all, now, heavy hangs.
Falls blown-out soot, from yond dark drift, where Rome.
Smell smites their sense then, as of fire, from land!
At Pudens' word, the master hails the shore;
Whose marble rampire full is of staithed ships,
(That tribute-fleet, Trinacia's[1] mystic goddess,
Now, each year, sends, with burden of bread-corn;
For the base multitude of great Sovereign Rome.)
Hark! answer comes, from loiterers on yond stairs;
Rome burns! nor any durst the City approach!

Is Babylon made vast brazier of God's wrath!
Where most of all the subject world abhorred,
(Ire of the gods!) is Cæsar, impious Nero:

[1] Sicily.

Who, by his crimes, so Rome confounded hath ;
That all, in secret hearts, suspire his death :
Thirsting men's weary souls, they know not what,
For some refreshing breath ! The master, anchor,
Now warps, furled main-sail, in Rome's tawny flood.
  Soon barge to them, with even pulse of oars ;
Of publicans, receivers of the dues,
Outrows. Mongst those, which board them, murmured word,
They hear ; how seen were Nero's soldiers fire
Rome's streets ; and beat men, from their burning wards !
Which sought, (quenching first flames,) their own, to save.
  Pudens, and that uneath, in Portus,[1] hires ;
Where all is fear, none better might he find,
Two wains, with tardy oxen of the plough ;
For large reward. So takes his way, towards Alban ;
(That other Alban, mountain of great Rome ;)
Where he was born, and lisped erst Latin tongue.
  Hopes Pudens come, unto his mother, there ;
Whose *villa* nigh to antique Tusculum.
Then, by much sand way, they and upland pass ;
Wood sith, and vineyards, squalid now with smoke,

[1] The new harbour of Ostia ; a work of Claudius.

Of burning Rome! Is, day-long, thus their path.
They journey-on weary; and last draws to late eve:
And troubled, for God's judgments, are their hearts.
And, lo, the elder Claudia, mother, walks,
To view her vines; and thinks aye on her son,
Now soon, from Gaul and Britain, to turn home.
Some rumour then she heard, of wheels, approach;
And shrieking axe-trees! Leaps her agéd heart,
Which aye misgives her, in these impious days;
And seizeth trembling on her, at each voice.
A cypress shrouds her; where she stands to watch.
She a vision sees, or else beholds her son!
He, in barbare isle, long absent in the wars,
Eigh! is come again, so like his father's face!
She, Verus' widow, sees, her son's true wife;
And children small sees sit, betwixt them both!
They, her child's children, droop, for weariness.
With cry of mother's heart, adown steep path,
She, to them, runs! but loseth eftsoons breath;
Such joy, though fail her feeble knees, she hath.
To ground leapt, Pudens' manly arms embrace
Her; fainting, they sustain; and Pudens kissed
His mother's front, beneath her silver locks:
Age hath her done this wrong! Then, hundred siths,
Her cheeks he kissed; he kissed her, lips to lips.

She come, soon, to herself; he his mother shows,
Bright Claudia, her daughter dear, and his loved spouse:
Whom the elder Claudia welcomes to her breast!
Then, their loved babes, her widow's hands, gan kiss.
But she, kneeled down, kisseth their infant faces,
Each her child's child, with infinite affect.
Howbeit, that Roman lady, a little glanced
Back, in the twilight, as who looks askance,
On Pudens' wife, this gentle Britoness.
For was it never custom of old Romans,
To wed with strangers. She, of Lælius, vaunts
Her noble blood, and of great Scipio's house.
But when she nigher viewed, her goodly feature,
Her carriage, nurture, virtuous countenance;
And wise mild speech, on silver-sounding tongue:
She received peerless Claudia, to heart's love.
Stranger religions, many, be in Rome;
And she to some affected, herself, is,
Of Asia; and other mysteries of wide East.
Whence seemed her tolerable, though believe her son,
On Christos, Voice called of the blesséd gods.

They dwell forth, many days, in Roman Alban:

And aye dread angry ferment is in Rome,
Beneath! and Rumor, with dread tongues so rife,
Tells and foretells, each day, new miseries.
Yester, sedition in prætorians' *castra*,
Largess, to-day, of Cæsar; Gauls revolt:
Germans have passed the Rhine; Gauls scale high Alps.
No more be public ways safe, to great Rome;
Loosed, in the City, are men of wicked life;
Were pilled all taberns, in the merchants' streets;
Then burned; the *fora* are full of violence:
And ceased now seems, in Rome, all human faith;
And all authority. Sits, no more, the Senate;
Nor do their office Roman magistrates.
Sabine, who prefect of Rome's City is;
Was in his house assailed by murderers!
Then sick, of an old fever, Pudens lies,
In Alban *villa*. Briton Claudia, daughter
Of island kings, waits, spouse, on all his need:
For whom, each hour, she prays; and ofttime sighs!
For Joseph's healing hands. But the elder Claudia,
In whom the spirit survives of antique Roma,
Above all private griefs, sighs public harms!

Now Satan loosed, is the first death, in Rome;

Where followeth great destruction, of Christ's name.
As wolf the lamb, the imperial Antichrist,
Himself accused the innocent unto death.
Who sought then, fugitives, to her son, in Alban,
Hath harboured Claudia; and nourisheth still their lives,
In kilns, in cisterns, wine and olive-presses.
Even Nero's bloody sergeants have regarded
Her, Scipion's daughter; that her messuages,
Her precincts, nor her vineyards, fields, nor woods,
They searched not out; where poor of Christ lay hid.
Loud crying citizens, of great cindered Rome,
Those days, for vengeance; would all aliens slay!
Then falsely accusing Christ again, to death,
Have testified Syrian Jews, of certain Greeks,
(Jews also;) how being haters of mankind,
Who of Christ's execrable name; those fired
The City Sovereign! Poor then of Christ's fold,
(Christ lately done upon reproachful cross!)
That of day-travail of their harmless hands,
Of lowly estate, in faith, hope, love, eat bread,
Apparitors do hale forth to cruel deaths!

Concerning Simon, named the Canaanite,
(Which is to say Zelotes,) of the twelve,

Disciples: when Christ's flock was scattered forth,
He, in Lybia, preached Salvation far abroad.
Sith that disciple, after many years;
Zealous to sow seed of the Living Word,
Mongst all which use have of Phœnician speech,
To Hispania also, over seas, would pass.
And finding, at Cartenna, Roman ship,
To Gadara bound, the Apostle went aboard.
Favonius[1] bare that vessel forth, so rathe;
That the next eve, is Simon gone to land.
He brethren finds there, Jews and certain Greeks:
And heard, with marvel, of their lips, how Lazarus,
And Martha, and Mary, preach the risen Christ,
In heathen Gaul! For this cause, Simon sailed,
After few days, forth in Ligurian ship.
The saint is come, to land, from this new voyage,
Near Campus Lapideus,[2] in the Province;[3]
(Whereof Greeks fable; helping Herakles,
Zeus father rained, from heaven, out infinite stones.)
To Arelas,[4] now arrived; by long paved path,
Went Simon forth, and having little or naught;
Nor shoes, nor bread, nor money, in his bare scrip;
But what might give him men, by the wayside.

[1] A West wind.
[2] Now La Crau.
[3] Now Provence.
[4] Now Arles.

Are sandals bound, on his wayfaring feet;
And in his hand, a staff! Nor Simon ceased;
Till he, beyond Cebenna mounts, hath passed;
Which stoop, to Rhône's swift-wheeling mighty flood:
Whereo'er great city, Allobriges' Vienne,
Lies, in his view! All weary, he sate down;
And slumbered, on his cloak, Rhône's streaming strand,
Beside. And came then marvellous thing to pass;
Rising, in his green brinks, the giddy wave;
Simon uplifting, wafted, as he was,
To further shore; nor wetted was the cloth.
Other report some herdsman, Rhodan named,
Pitying a stranger, ferried, in his bark.
Past is the sun his mid-height, when arose
The saint. He entered in great river-town,
Goeth forth; and stands now amidst their market place.
Then went one by; which, looked in Simon's face,
Perceiving him a Jew, quoth, Shalom, Peace!
After their traffic-hour, the same man, Simon
Now biddeth, to his house. There, washed his feet;
He set on meat, when timely hour to sup:
It Abda is, of the Syrian merchantmen;
Of Byblos, Justus also named; to parts

Of Gaul, from rich Massilia, wont to trade.
Journeying, with certain proselytes, he believed.
And glad was Justus, when he understood,
Simon is one of them which saw the Lord.
But when he heard, his guest was of the twelve ;
Justus yet more exceedingly rejoiced !
And prayed, he tarry with him there, a season.
  Because the saint came weary, he abode,
With Abda, seven days : and Simon hears,
The Family of Bethany, which had Jesus loved ;
Whose orchard-house surviews God's holy hill ;
With whom it pleased also the Lord to lodge,
Now, ín Lugdunum, dwelleth ; nigh Roman town.
Then on a morrow, risen from early meat,
They journey both together on, afoot.
  Upon Cebennæ, (those religious hills !)
The sun is Westing now, yond streaming Rhône ;
And seem his rays to crown a dying world.
Wayfaring, come then, Christ's disciples, soon,
To an hedged garden, lies before the walls.
  A reed-thatcht little lodge therein, is seen.
Fair almond tree blows midst that pleasant close ;
Behold, whereunder, fallen upon his knees,
Some man, in Syrian guise, spreads forth his palms ;
And this who prays, and names the Christ, is Lazarus.

And they twain, tarrying, on the man, still gaze!
Is he, who, three days, dead; at voice, arose,
Of the eternal WORD, in Jesus, was.
He wounden in his shroud, when called the Lord,
Revived. And when came Lazarus forth, unbound,
To light, from powder of the darksome grave,
His body ruddy of hew and fragrant was:
So that turned home, with his Redeemer, Lazarus
Seemed some fresh bridegroom, in a marriage-house;
Or Adam, sprung from God's creating hands!
This Simon whispers, at the tamarisk hedge,
In heathen Gaul; where drawn apart, they wait.
How changed that young man's hew, whom Jesus loved,
Sith risen is Christ, and from the world ascended!
Behold now Lazarus, one of elders' age!
Swept is that little plot, wherein he kneeleth;
And fenced, from common wont, around, with stones.
There now his hands outstretched, like the Lord's rood;
They hear his words, in Syrian tongue, to sound,
Praying for heathen Gaul; and for Christ's fold,
In all the world. With voice of them that mourn,

Then spake he, and toucht his forehead to the ground,
Lord Jesu, Thou our Righteousness, O, come soon!
Simon saith, *Shalom!* opening now the gate.
Turned Lazarus, knoweth Justus; and salutes
Him saying, Peace, *Maran-atha!*[1] and, by the hand,
Takes. Justus makes Zelotes known to Lazarus.
Amazed! refigures Lazarus, in his thought,
Simon the Canaanite; this, which on a staff,
Now, old man, leans! so kisseth both his cheeks:
And Lazarus wept, and Simon on his neck.
Loud Lazarus calls then Martha, and Mary of Clopas!
And they twain, hastily coming forth, know Simon,
Marvelling; one of the twelve! And they, still wondering,
Do stand; and look, one upon other's face!
And taketh each one Simon, by the hand.
With joy, they enter all then in the house;
Where Mary of Clopas washeth the guests' feet.
Martha makes ready: and soon, at board, they sate;
With gladness, sup, remembering the Lord Christ.
And oft they sigh among, and somewhiles weep.
And when that plaint had somedeal eased their hearts,
Spake Martha; whilst her tears anew break forth,

[1] Our Lord (cometh; or,) He is come.

How Miriam slept! To Simon she relates,
How angry Jews of Joppa cast them forth;
Where they had, fugitives, dwelled, since Stephen's death;
When, in the Holy City, the chief priests
And scribes, would have condemned their brother Lazarus.
Of those, come certain, from Jerusalem, down;
They stirred chief Jews, and elders and devout
And honourable women. Tumult risen,
Envenimed rabble haled them, through their streets,
To shore: yet durst them not, for fear of Romans,
Stone. Lay some broken hull, there on banked sand.
This thrust down raging Jews, to the salt waves;
And them compelled, aboard. Yet fearing break
The Law, gave those them bread; fetcht pitying women
Their pitchers, full of water, from the town.
Then cruel wights, that hull thrust from their strand;
Hoping to see them perish presently:
With mocking shout, they bade them, learn to sail.
But heard the Lord their crying! and the seams
Were closed, of those warped boards, in wondrous wise.
A gentle breath then wafted, sent from God,
Their broken ship, which rode forth from the sand:

Wherein, she and Miriam kneeled, and Mary Clopas ;
With Lazarus. Wont, in Galilee, Mary of Clopas,
To fishers' barks, she sewed two of their cloaks ;
Which they then loosed for sail, with cry to Christ!
To Whom obeyed swart tempests in the lake.
God sent them, softly blowing, wind, in poop,
Then, many days ; nor minished was their meat ;
Nor water failed, whilst, in much deep, they fleet :
And aye Christ's Spirit did comfort their cold hearts.
The second month of their ship-voyage, in vast
Deep driving ; met with them Italiot vessel,
By divine grace : whose master, sent his skiff,
Received them all, with kindness, on his board.
Next eve, they saw a land ; and, furled, at dawn,
Was cast their anchor, in Massilia haven !
There, led before the Roman magistrate ;
He gave them cloth and sustenance, until found
Were some convenient mean, to send them home ;
And gave them place, to dwell in, the Camargue.
But, the next month, the Lord appeared to Lazarus,
In dream ; and bade him boldly, in heathen Gaul,
Go up preaching Salvation, through His Name.

Touching then Miriam's death, she weeping saith ;
How journeying many days, their sister was

Weary begone, and sickness still increased,
In her. One eve, and when she might no more,
She sate her down, by the long way, and sighed.
Was there fresh plain, like to some springing field,
In Galilea. They, laid their budgets down,
A pillow of them made, for Miriam's head.
An hind, which that way led his flock, her gave
To drink out of his gourd : they, o'er her, spread
Their cloaks ; and comforted, Miriam eftsoon slept.
She, Martha, and Mary of Clopas, sought then forth
Some bitter herbs, meet for the Passover ;
And which should, by their reckoning, fall, to-night.
Whilst they then wend, in Syrian tongue, they sing ;
Christ, as this night, our Passover, was slain!
Now when the hour of incense, and the sun
Low stooping in the West, they came again,
With Lazarus, who had lifted, from the earth,
His hands, apart ; and said, as Jesus taught,
To His disciples : and behold, was fallen
Their sister, on her knees, and on her face ;
As yet she prayed ! And, in that posture, seemed,
Wherein, wet with her tears, she washed and kissed
The Master's feet, and wiped them, with her hairs.
And was their sister, to the Master passed !
Then she and Mary of Clopas, Miriam dead,

With tears, prepared, and sighing, to the grave.
Sith, sitting round, they Miriam mourned and wept:
But Lazarus prayed, and strengthened Christ their hearts.
They, in that field, being girt, as Moses bade;
Did sithen eat, with bitter herbs, their bread,
Under the stars: then Miriam they lamented,
Till dawn; when now, with jingling mules and wains,
A company approached that way, of merchant Gauls;
Journeying, from parts of Cularo, to Vienne.
Those seeing them strangers, in outlandish weed;
In tongue of Greek Massilia, gan enquire;
Why wept they, and, what for country-folk, they were?
What aileth them; and whât this, covered corse?
Good man and rich, one Drappes, with them, rides.
Heard, (owner of that field,) their broken tale,
This Gaul, moved with compassion, as towards guests,
Showed certain myrtle-headland of his glebe,
Where no plough fares; and bury, in that waste place,

He grants their dead. Spoiled them of upper weed,
With mattock and with spade, he and his servants;
Then Lazarus, to that need, gan hastily aid.
  Crowned, as a bride; her brethren, with fresh flowers,
Have buried her, in that swart stranger mould:
So, weeping many tears, closed Miriam's grave.
They, in far land, thus laid to rest, her flesh,
Yet sighed and wept; but Lazarus spake of Christ!
And, to this day, in Gaulish tongue, is named,
Where Miriam sleeps, the Beautiful Guest's Grave.
  Led Drappes in, from pasture, his yoke-beasts;
His servants joined them, to his wains; wherein
He takes then up those wayworn and sad Syrians.
They, journeying, with him, on, by many league-stones;
Came to Vienne. There dwelled they then, in house
Of Drappes, (who, through their word, hath believed,)
Two years: till last, (one night-time was,) they fled,
In bark; and that for Cæsar's edict's cause,
Fearing Vienna's city magistrates.
So came they to Lugdunum; whereas Lazarus,
A little gathered flock, now feeds, for Christ.
And yet they only, of an uncertain alms,
Lived; until Drappes dying, in the Lord;

(Had he here also land,) to them bequeathed
A field ; and gave, therein, this dwelling-place.

With Martha and Mary, and Lazarus, certain days,
Hosts of the Lord, Zelotes made abode.
Much joy and consolation have they all,
Communing of the deep sweet things of Christ ;
And that, (hid, sith beginning of the world,)
Great MYSTERY of God ! But pause those oft among,
And sigh they all, because, and that so long,
The Master tarries to them, to return.
They do His gracious looks record, His voice :
His mild eyes, like to wells in wilderness.
His words, as dew drops on a weary grass.
His smile transmuted all their earthly dross.

Servants, to Roman captains, in the legions,
Went, these days, certain by, from conquered Britain,
Journeying to Roma : and they, which wend from Aquæ,
Are proselytes of Greek tongue. They visit Lazarus ;
Concerning whom, they heard so marvellous tiding !
Simon hears, from their mouths, of Roman Britain,
Beyond cold sea of Gaul : amazed then hears

How Joseph, (that rich councillor, which the
Lord
Laid, from the tree, in his own garden grave,)
Sith longtime, to that UTMOST ISLE arrived,
With certain brethren, preacheth Jesus Christ!

BOOK XXIV

ARGUMENT

SIMON girds himself, to go unto Joseph, in Britain. He journeys long afoot, through Gaul. He passeth, at length, from the sea-coast, to Dubris: where certain proselytes, finding him; they send forward the saint, to Troynovant. Pistos thence conveyeth Zelotes to Avalon. The fathers, Joseph and Simon, meet again there. Simon confirms the Lyber Bret. Zelotes having taken leave of Joseph, passeth again the seas of Gaul; and journeys to Narbonne. Joseph hath letters from Claudia, of the afflictions of Christ, in heathen Rome. Cuan goeth forth, in circuit. He singeth, as a bard, in princes' halls. Talaith, *vates*, contends with Christ's bard.

Certain lords require of Cuan a teacher of Christ's words. Tiding thereof being brought to Alban, Phelles proffers himself to go thither. In the way, he is taken captive by Belges' robbers, and sold to sacrifice. One redeems him of the household champions of Manannan; to whom they come then, in Mona.

Romans march, this second time, against that Isle of druids. Kings Chuchid and Kynan, leading the last power of West March, go up to meet them. Divine Manannan passeth from the World. Phelles wandered forth alone, descends to a solitary shore. In that place, after other days, there find him certain cruel druids; that carry him away in a bark. Come again to land, they drive him on before them, as they march.

Agricola, Roman duke, hath wasted Mona. Phelles, with

those enemy druids, cometh now to fire-blackened glade, where are dying Roman captives seen hanging, on the green trees! and Briton lords sitting in a council-place. Phelles is condemned. His martyr's death.

King Caratacus, now an exile in Italy, dwells in Senogallia. He journeys to Roma, to behold, how is the Sovereign City burned! From his housetop, he sees the Capitolium besieged. The king's death.

Jerusalem is taken by Titus. Joseph sees a vision of the times to come in Isle Britain. Cuan visits Duneda, the aged king, in Erinn. Joseph in Avalon, now ready to depart, leads forth the elders and brethren. An angel parts them. He goeth beyond; and deceaseth there.

BOOK XXIV

THEN taking leave of Lazarus and his house,
In Gaul; Zelotes set his stedfast face,
To go to visit Arimathean Joseph:
And, one day's journey, Justus brought him forth.
Simon went, forty days, then on his feet,
Nor ceased, for any weariness he hath:
Even whilst he walks, he is, in spirit, with Christ.
He came to haven, at length, which looks towards Britain;
And finding corn-ship ready, in the road;
Which should, to-day, Isle Britain's sea-strait pass;
Simon hath hastily entered, on her board.

He the Island views hence, far-off; as we see
Sometime the moon hanging, after midday,
Like a white cloud, in sky. They loosed, at eve,
Sail forth. Whilst sleeps the weary saint and rests;
Them, o'er sea-billows, wafts a South wind's breath;
So that, or day, they furl in Dubris' port.

Were, (as the Lord ordained,) come, yester-even,
To white-cliffed Dubris, other proselyte Greeks ;
Two men, of that New Life in Jesus Christ ;
From Durovernium, (now a Roman station,)
For their affairs. As they, at morn, went forth ;
It fortuned them to mark a new-furled ship,
Within the port ; and standing, on her board,
Some stranger of their own far Midland-deep ;
Seems whose sleeved raiment of Phœnician fashion.
Those then, companions, entered in a skiff,
Do row aboard. When they return to land,
Soon, those bring with them the Apostle Simon ;
Whom found they one, that *Maran-atha* quoth,
And named the Holy Christ ! They, to the inn,
Him lead, their guest ; and Simon there abode,
Two days. The third, he went, with one of theirs,
Forth, which should guide his steps, towards Troynovant.
Faring then, by stone-street, and paths of Kent,
Five days ; aye pressed in spirit, the father prays,
Aloud : and where they lodged, spake much of Christ.

Roman Augusta Londinium, now wasted,
And burned lies, both sides Thames. Howbeit they find

Some which, of Alexander, hearers were ;
Mongst whom, refreshed, the saint, the second morrow,
Fared-on, by new paved way, to Verulamion.
And happened Pistos there to be arrived,
Ere days ; who, with great reverence, by the hand,
Takes that disciple of the Lord ! and Simon
Brake also, with them, bread of the New Life :
And he their faith confirms, and they rejoice.
Being come the morrow, Pistos brought him forth ;
And will him lead, through land, to visit Joseph.
Calleva now they pass ; and thence descended,
By Venta and Sorbiodunum, fare to Aquæ :
Where being arrived, tiding, to fenny Alban,
Sends Pistos, hastily, whilst they rest, to Joseph ;
Simon is come, the kinsman of the Lord !

He, father, marvelling, rose-up, with the brethren ;
And went forth, to meet Simon, in the path.
Young men were they and ruddy, whilst conversed
The Lord on earth ; now agéd men, they meet.
Joseph, who borne in litter, hastes to light ;
And each, on other's neck, those fall and kiss ;
Saying *Shalom*, *Maran-atha !* and they do weep.
Though changed, through length of days, their outward face,

Simon and Joseph know each other's voice ;
Sounding, in Utmost Isle of the whole earth.
  Is noon, when they arrive, with concourse great,
At Ithobal's hall. There, sitting soon, at meat ;
That living Bread, come to us sinners down,
From heaven, they do all break ; and drink that cup
Of blessing. Sith, in much discourse, they pass
The hours, till eve ; and then short night, nor marked
Any it is night ; and they forget to sleep :
So joy they, in that Hope ; and is the Spirit,
With them, of Prayer ; and in their midst, is Christ.
  Much hath hoar-headed Simon, to relate :
O'erall, Christ's everlasting gospel preached ;
And of the twelve, how some were fallen asleep;
Philip, Nathaniel, Levi, and Juda, and James.
Simon, the son of Jonas, feeds Christ's flock.
That loved disciple daily is rapt to Christ,
In heavenly vision. Both to Jews and Greeks,
Saul, which ere persecuted the Lord's Church,
Hath, in all Asia, the glad tidings preached.
Simon of Githa, that withstood the Truth,
With his forged signs, is lately dead, in Rome.
  He tells how Lazarus, Martha and Mary of Clopas
Dwell, in great river-city of the mid-Gauls ;

But Miriam passed before them, to New Life.
And Miriam, mother of the Lord, deceased:
And James the Just the Jews have done to death.
  But heard, how many afflictions are of Christ,
By cruel persecutions; cannot choose
Joseph, nor agéd Simon, but they weep.
Whereat strong outcry arose, of all their hearts,
Which have believed; and bowing all their knees,
With groans, they pray, come quickly unto His Church,
The Lord, the Spouse. So lifting up their eyes,
Lo, day is come. Britons sing, in their tongue,
Loud hymn of Cuan; and so abroad they pass.

  Jews, Galileans, few now, grown old, in Alban;
Are Joseph and good Salema, Joseph's wife;
Shalum and Aristobulos; who, at morrow,
Is come, with Barnaby, and certain faithful druids;
But Sabra, Barnaby's mother, sleeps in Christ:
Nor yet her grave is green, beyond the mere.
  And with the brethren, whom finds Simon here,
Is Phelles, that Phœnician mariner;
And Cuan of blue Britons, which believe;
The Lord's sweet singer, in their island tongue;

And Tegid, waggoner, wounded in long war ;
And Felix who arrives, from Mendip *villa.*
Mongst these, lifts Simon up his agéd palms ;
And blesseth them, which have life, through Jesus' death.
The saint reads forth then, in that roll of Joseph ;
Wherein, both many faithful things, be writ ;
And apt to teach these souls, new called to Christ ;
Which have not seen the Lord. And Simon set
His seal, for testimony, before them all,
Thereto. The Apostle-Fathers, sith, ensearch,
Which yet hear the Lord's voice, within their hearts,
What things pre-signifieth, the mind of Christ ;
And, through His holy prophets, the Spirit of Truth
Revealed aforetime, which must come to pass,
Hereafter, in the earth, and namely in Britain.
Simon, in whose heart is prophetic breath,
Foreshows, her people neighbours should, by ships,
Be, to all nations : mighty angel Albion,
Should go, in power of God, forth, with her sails ;
Loosing their bands, which longtime, in the isles,
In darkness, dwelled. Now, after other days,
Was straitened the Zelotes' agéd breast ;
Till turned, from Utmost Isle of the wide earth,
He see again that Mount of the Lord's house :

Where all his vows performed, might wait his flesh,
Christ's coming, end of his long pilgrimage.
Then, taking leave of Joseph and the saints;
He, to the grace of God, them all commendeth,
And he them all embraced. Erst Felix Murcius,
Brings Simon forth, to Pudens' Mendip *villa*;
Whence Pistos, journeying the same way, conveys
The saint to the Longport. Thence Simon passed,
With some tin-merchants, to Gaul's Continent:
With whom he following, came, at length, to Narbonne;
Where looked Zelotes find some ship, for Rome.
But when he heard, in that sea-haven, how Babylon
Burned! and there, from Italia, was no vessel
Come in; and being now passéd other days:
Parted the saint, in ship, which sails for Carthage.

Ere might have any, knowledge, in far Britain,
Was bruit already heard, of burning Rome:
It noised had, in the air, no mortal voice;
But Spirits, which flit o'er this vast earthy mass!
Pass other weeks, or speeding messengers
Have brought in letters, unto Cæsar's legate.
Then in Isle Britain heard, All Gaul is risen,
To expulse the legions; and to slay all Romans.

Chant druids, Should rule the world, the people
of Brennus!
Then Romans fear, in this Britannic Province.
Joseph hath letters, of the City burned;
Which his dear daughter, in the Lord, to Aquæ,
Him sends; wherein, much weeping, word writes
Claudia,
Of those so great afflictions of God's saints;
That, from the World's beginning, came not
such
Unto men's ears. Christ's brethren, falsely
infamed,
Accused of crimes, to divers cruel deaths,
Were damned; and men and women cast to
beasts.
(Though they did dread to die, those feared
not death!)
Wives were and maidens, spoiled of seemly
weed,
Brides of the Lamb, exposed to be devoured.
To pales, in public view, those girded stood,
Of brazen chains, about their bodies pure.
But, to Him looking, Who exalted was,
Above the World; they esteemed those
chains, indeed;

Through exceeding faith, their spousal ornaments!
And like as gentle flowers, being trodden down,
Give a sweet smell; so beauty of holiness,
In their last passion, seemed to breathe around.
Yet, in another letter, Claudia writ;
How they contemning, (looking aye towards heaven,)
The poor earth-garment of their stedfast souls,
Their bodies here, their lifted souls, with Christ;
Like women, which desire their travail soon;
Did welcome teeth of lions, most dreadful roaring,
And their sharp claws; whilst yet, with lowly voice,
Which seemed of heaven's bliss, those confessed Christ!
Insómuch, that to many which, young Romans,
Looked-on, their's seemed to be the happier case;
Of whom, some going then home, believed on Christ.

Dulling his midday beams, the sun seemed clothe,
On their vext flesh; then hid his troubled face.
The murderous beasts, abased their hideous crests;
Were seen to lick, of that poor people of Christ,
The feet! Stern murmur rose, in theatre:
Were heard seditious cries, accusing Nero;
Was he had kindled Rome! Hell-hearted Cæsar,
Startled, made sign, uprising, with his hand!
Then guard advancing them, of Almain soldiers,
They hastily hedged Rome's lord, with barbare spears.
Who keepers were, of the man-slaying lions,
(That now had bounden ox-hides, on the saints;)
Then shouted! whereat frayed, the hideous beasts

Fell raging, on those pure elect of Christ:
And they attained the CROWN of endless
life!
Other, did extreme torment of the flame,
(In Agrippina's gardens, Tiber's stream
Beyond; where *circus*, in the golden-hill,)
Endure; smeared with much tallow and
daubed with pitch;
Lighting, as lamps, the night of ribald Rome!
But they rejoicing, through exceeding faith,
Fainted not, in the bitterness of that death.
Then, day and night, continue all Christ's Church,
Throughout the World, in prayer and fast; that might
Be Satan bound. But lightly, in this far Province,
Of Britain, Cæsar's *præscript* is observed;
Commanding sacrifice, unto gentile gods.
Hail! thou war-wasted Utmost ISLE, whose wild
Rocks, whose dim heathen woods, (ere only voice
Of shipwrecked saints; but now even of pale druids,)
Resound, Thine everlasting NAME, O Christ!

Cuan, Christ's bard, went forth, from the cranog.
Kindled his breast with flame of heavenly love;
He chants, in Britons' tongue, to Erinn crowth,
Christ's gracious words. And, as then custom was,

He passed, in circuit, by the neighbour tribes :
And men him name, the new Carvilios.
That Avalon bard came, journeying, beyond Hafren ;
Singing the things of God, with sweet accord,
To Caerwent, to mead-hall of king Moelmabon :
Nor yet have Romans vanquished Deheubarth.
Him follow young men of the bards, and druids
Of Eryr ; even as, in the leafy woods,
Run the dun roes, to wayfarer's blithe pipe :
And they would Cuan hear, that VISION sing,
In measures sweet, which come is among men ;
And veiled in mortal flesh gods' heavenly Light !
The long-aged sire well-pleased, who bed-rid lies,
Is hearken that new chant of Avalon's bard ;
Like to a Summer-dawn's refreshing breath !
He feels his harms assuage, when he him hears :
Whose heart doth fail, for sorrows of these wars ;
Wherein he hath forlorn five valiant sons.
Yet lives, but exile, great Caratacus ;
Whom he, the sire, counts as his sons. Sings Cuan,
That golden Branch, which berries bears, as pearls,
With healing leaves, the very misselden,
Which found, these last days, is, in forest-World !

Even Christ, our druid; which grafféd, in
our souls,
Though die our flesh, shall they not taste
of death.
A land there is, beyond blue vast West flood,
Of God; from whence came faithful men,
which made,
(An angel entered with them, in the ship!)
With beavers, in the meres, their crated
bowers;
And healed therein a people of fugitives;
Power of their God! whereby, (sings Christ's
sweet bard,)
Is brought again the paradise unto Alban!
Then Cuan chants, The GREAT FORGOTTEN
GOD,
Above all gods, ALFATHER of the world;
Whose waget weed, (yond, broidered all with
stars,)
The infinite heavens. He is that Power
which wields,
Above earth-field and seas, those trembling
signs,
Which beckon to us, earthling wights, by
night.

Chief bard, in Moelmabon's court, Talaith,
At Venta dwells. Had king Caratacus
And Maglos loved his passing high device:
And him they likened, to a fat of gold;
Whereof, in silver cups, is daily poured
Ambrosial mead. Of heroes and high gods,
He each day made, in those Silures' ears:
And of earth-ruins, which we men call the World,
Could sing the Prime, and smiling Summer-gladness.
And he endowed is, with so noble voice;
That, to his words, consent all hearers' hearts.
Then he contends with Cuan, sweet bard of Christ.
His warbeling strings, the illustrious *vates* touched,
In heroes' hall; and weaved them in his hand!
To trembling crowth, he chants, Song of the earth.
Whose ground-walls laid the everliving gods,
And reared above clear firmament, of frost,
And fire: whose remnant, broken in old war
Of gods and giants, now heaven's clear stars be seen.
And was, when floods flowed backward, on the land;
Forsook wide valley of the World, all gods.

They thence withdrew them, unto mountain tops,
Of misty Eryr ; whereas, in murk grove,
Of pines, had gods a cold star-glittering house.
  Bewept, long-age, then, spouses of high gods,
Earth-world, beneath, forlorn, deformed, and drowned,
Was erst so fair. But sith their straitened mood
Began appease, singing the golden-haired
Belin, an heavenly melody, among the gods.
Lord of the sun ; when he his ivory harp
Strook, parfumed seemed the light of day, the air
Golden in heaven. Then issuing all the gods,
They looked down-forth again, towârds waste world!
  Bright handmaid of the spouses of the gods,
The iris-wingéd SPRING, their messenger,
They send then view earth's empty field, so wide.
Joyous, on her bright wings, that heavenly maid
Leapt forth. She stooped, soon, from her aery voyage,
Runs-on, like partridge, in earth's green hill-sides.
  Much marvels gentle Spring, to view, how shines,
The World, beneath her feet, in weed arrayed,
Like spouses of the gods ; what days they deckt,
And shining all, with precious carcanets ;
Dwelled yet on mould, or ever grew those wars.

They, to 'scape immane giants, which them pursued,
Erst gem-stones cast, to them, from their bright necks;
They cast then, from their heavenly brows, clear frets,
As stars, of pearls; sith chains and bracelets.
In that they up-róse, forth, in swift-teamed cloud-chariots!
Fell scattered, on wide bosom of the mould,
Sheen, diverse hewed, their divine ornaments.
Was war, twixt strong earth giants, and the high gods!
Earth-spirits those, which had burst their former bonds,
(Seven towers, seven brazen walls, seven cloudy floods;)
Wherewith great Dagda, father of the gods,
Had bound them; and thereon whelmed stony mounts.
Those crept forth, as from tomb, under far coast,
Of heaven, and night-time, turned to ground; oppressed
Erst Hæsus, drowsy porter of the gods;
Who sate in porch of their gold-glittering house;
Wherein, drinking a dulcet mead, then gods
Kept monthly feast. Had Hæsus there, in hold,
All arms and furnitures of the weaponed gods;
Bolts, helms, spears, maces, budgets, tools, work-bags!

But not bright Belin's golden harp, (which hanged
Down from his divine neck, within, at feast.)
Those, stolen Red Taran's lightning, and the rain,
And the twelve winds of heaven, and divine arms ;
Huge, suddenly, with vast torment, raging, (wind
And wild-fire ; and eftsoon of immane flood !)
O'erthrew gods' hall. Then turned were, (without arms,)
To shameful flight, ere careless dwelling gods ;
And in their own immortal power, secure.
Giants sithence, kindling lustful heat, pursued,
From hill to hill, in vain, swift goddesses.
But Titans slumbering, after wicked wrack,
Drunken of mead ; high gods, sending great birds,
Of eagle kind, recovered their lost arms ;
Which lay around those strewed! Marched gods then armed,
To dreadful battle. Belin went before,
Chanting and playing, on his heavenly wires ;
(Whose sound those Titans cast in deeper slumber !)
Reeled earth's wide mould, sunk, neath gods' mighty tread !
They Titans smote : and had of them just gods,

Full vengeance. Giants, gods, in the meres, thus made,
To the everlasting ground-rocks, left then, chained!

Sweet Spring danced gleeful forth, with maiden foot;
Yet oft she stays, behold those living gems,
That shine like dew-born thing. Of stars, she deems,
Begot; or some celestial influence!
How all, with blissful hews, unfold their heads!
More than in changeful gorget of the dove.
Her-seem these tottering clusters, in smooth wind;
(And whereon wild bees light, from the sunbeams,)
Some silent wonderous music of the field!
Great store, all in her lap, the heavenly maid,
Gathers then of those daughters of sweet mead.
And erst, of daisies pied, a lace she made;
Sith chapelet fair entwined, for her bright head;
Much like that galaxie, which girds-in and crowns
The starry heavens. The flowery golden knops,
Like amber beads, she tressed, with jacinth, ment;
And nodding windflowers, pale, for her white neck.
With violets sweet, she broidered her bright locks;
And gauds, of coral cups, hanged in her ears.
With dainty flowers then, her dear bosom, deckt.
She storied sith, with blossom of the thorn,
The heavenly kirtle, to her crystal feet.

Last girdled, with an honey-suckle twine ;
And with sweet-smelling bough of eglantine,
Filled her right hand, she joyous Spring upmounts,
From Earth's low field. Returned, with violets crowned,
Lo, Virgin Spring, to the divine abodes,
Glad-smiling, enters to those heavenly ones ;
That sit on shining thrones ; (and hold their hands
Those golden cups ; whereof, heard Belin's chant,
Drink the gods, each to other, with great looks.)
And seemed new parfume fill their starry house !
Rose-up then, marvelling, spouses of the gods ;
So mantled seeing her, of living gems ;
Dight, as with living gold ! All ask of this,
Take by the hand ; they kiss her divine cheeks !
And she to them, in order, all rehearsed ;
How, as bride bed, bedeckt with needle-work,
Lies the whole earth ! and all admire the gods !
That smell her raiment, and behold those flowers.
The all-seeing god tóok his sweet-tongued harp, which made
In form and likeness of a maiden's breast ;
The face of virgin goddess, with bright locks :
And cried, That I forget my grief ! He toucht,
Soul-ravishing, the speaking sister-wires ;

Like those gilt rays which darts his bow abroad ;
That send forth blissful mingled arcane sounds ;
Which pierce the divine ears. In the herb, he quoth,
Those gem-stones were upsprungen of the gods !
Voice answered him, of all those heavenly ones :
Let us, again, descend into the World !
And it possess. But when beheld the gods,
How sheen world's mould, they lighted down, from chariots.
Then, in low earth's plain field, and green hill-brinks,
Each goddess, hand-in-hand, goes, with her spouse,
Gathering bright flowers ; and her, as bride, adorned :
Nor had they ere so fair seemed to the gods !
Sith, to their former seats, returned, high gods
Did dwell therein ; where travail they beheld,
Of earthling kind of men, on living ground ;
Which yet were, without malice, without jars.
He ceased : Silures loud the chant applaud,
In king's high hall, of that renownéd bard !
But toucht, of new, Talaith his crowth, and quoth ;
Nor stayed the gentle *vates*, to take breath,
For swells his breast with song : how hoved, above,
(Ere yet Night's cloud was risen, from Hell,) the Sun,
Continually, the former world : but paused,

As hovering bird, when mortals should partake
The day's refreshment of their kindly food ;
Which the odorous bosom of the foster mould,
Of ever-ripe and pleasant fruits, brought forth :
Then it was eve, and men did timely rest.
Sith wheeling his fire-wheeled, swift-teamed, gilt
chariot,
He heavens remounted, in new morning-red.

An hell-wolf, with those giants, his ancient bands
Had burst. He ran forth in the hollow earth ;
Nor might be brought again to hand, and chained,
Even of the gods ; (and yet this runs world's paths,
From the sun's setting till the morning light !)
All wights he met withal, he, madding, bit :
Whence filled was the whole world, with violence.
But when earth's field saw Belin stained with blood ;
Repenting him show his ambrosial ray,
To men's misdeeds, which wretched dwell on ground,
He left to shine : all dimmed was then and dark ;
Nor sovereign gods had light in their abodes.
Gods set, in firmament, their temple-fires !
Sith measured radiant courses of the moon,
And silent watches of the starry hours,
An hundred years ; till last, in all the world,

Was found uneath a mortal remanent.
Whence, lest, deprived of light and mind, should perish
Man's kin; and left none worshippers were on ground;
Being, also, long entreated of all gods;
Vouchsafed, for their sakes, half the day, to shine,
The god: and gave, to comfort their cold hearts,
Twilight, what time men teeth of evil beasts
Most dread. She, virgin, born, twixt day and night,
At eve and morrow pale, still looks askance;
And hewed oft red, as blushing, she appears:
The cause men's guilt, which her pure gaze discerns.
Cuan the *vates* lauds, and calls to Christ;
Saying, Thou árt, Master of song, Talaith,
Not far from us. As flowrets, towards the Sun
Draw we nigh, also, to the Living God!
But he, the royal bard, provokes Christ's bard;
(As bird, which sings with bird, in Summer-grove,)
Chant thing him breathes in heart, his stranger God.
Erst, Daughter of the air, me only taught,
Quoth Cuan; whose hid voice heard, in every coast:
But sith the Spirit of heaven-descended Christ!
Then Cuan toucht his dulcet perplexed wires;

Whilst pants his teeming chest. He looked towards
heaven ;
And came into his heart, an holy vision.
He weaved again his dreaming instrument :
And quoth, The grave-mounds sitting of my sires,
Beside ; I sing, THE HOPE OF CHRIST : went forth
(Like little wandering bird, into vast night,)
Our soul, to a new Dawn, from death, shall pass.
Sounded his Erinn strings then deeper note ;
Like living murmur of wind-driven waves,
That fret the timbered frame of the cranog.
He chants, in numbers grave, hymn of Christ's death.
Dead on the tree, Jesua's soul descends,
Like voice, with that His divine increate part.
It passed, by the steep rocks, beneath the earth ;
To a land of shadow, and immane valley of death :
Whereas, (of whom none memory more remains,
Save in Almighty breast of infinite love !)
Sleep earthborn seed of thousand ages, souls,
For multitude, like unto leafy grass ;
Which must earth's stony womb again bring forth.
Lies World's vast Tomb, in deep heart of the earth;
Gulf of eternal death, where day breaks not ;
Great alabaster treasury of my God !
There souls, in their eternal rest, uplaid,

Do sleep, as were a garden in the night.
Passed through iron clodded darkness, rusty mist;
The radious Spirit of the Holy Christ,
Enters, like light, which casts clear adamant stone;
With heavenly parfume, as of springing lilies:
And, in His blissful beams, divine, rejoice
Huge antique pillars of that craggéd place;
Under blind silent stony firmament.
The SUN, amongst them went, of RIGHTEOUSNESS;
(So now Christ shines!) And spake, to all those souls,
Each comfortably the Lord's voice; and was
As on dry herb, when dew of morning falls:
And was there whisper, as of forest leaves.
Christ, upon each one, as He goeth-by, breathes;
And those, of Everlasting Life, His Spirit
Receive. He bade those souls, yet patient rest;
Till last resounding trump split the tombed earth.
Not one of them, in that hour, should be lost!
Christ spake; and springs now third day on the earth.
Then He, our Life; Who blessed them, as He rose,
(And seemed like beacon, on some mountain top;

And sith bright star !) to Joseph's garden-tomb,
Returns, to take, anew, His virgin flesh.

LIFE-OF-THE-DEAD, sing angels, at the cave ;
Their LIGHT, awaken! Rise and shine: come forth!
To World, return; redeemed, Lord, through Thy death!
Death cannot hold Thee, Thou hast conquered Death!
Rise in Thy manhood, Jesu, Son of God:
Lift up Thy Light, Thy Glory, from the grave.
All suddenly then, the gracious Lord AROSE !
Towards Heaven, He spread His man-pierced holy palms!
He, o'er Earth's face looked, East and West; and Christ,
(Great Morning of the World !) to save, went forth.
(Eternal, for Thine INFINITE FATHERHOOD!
Save all men! World's all ages, through Christ's blood!)
He ceased ; and many souls desired the Christ,
Whose heathen bowels wax weary in the war.
Christ sounds some sweet new tiding, in men's ears!.
But Moelmabon, king of warlike men ;
Howbe, Him Cuan sing, above all gods,

Who, God-of-war, to earth, sent down, His Peace,
Might little savour the meek things of Christ.
Yet Chuchid gladly hears, (who to his sire,
Moelmabon, in the stead of many sons,
Last of five brethren rests,) that bard of Alban.
  Hardy and free, in Maglos' seat, he sits;
And his young heart is old, with care of wars.
That prince gives Cuan mantle of a bard;
Broidered the blue-fringed frieze, with silver stars;
And brooch which fastened his own royal weed:
That no man, whereso he should singing pass,
Molest the Avalon bard, in Deheubarth.

  Thence Cuan parted, came to Kynan's court;
Where, a great company, already, is assembled,
Of druids; that wâyfare, to some great assize,
In Mona. Part, without, on green hill-bent,
Cloud-gazers, sit. Other watch flight of birds:
Certain, in rotchets white, in king's hall, make
Their incantations, with ascending voice.
  Asked those, of Kynan, man, in sacrifice!
Responded Hammeraxe, Were fallen, past count,
Oak-leaf-crowned warriors, to all saviour gods:
But little it availed had, in the wars!

Some then, in antique speech, gin darkly chant,
Of earth's vast Night, which was before the gods;
And strife, with heaven's fire, of earthy frost:
How sea-mews wild, of living kinds, should last;
Scream, o'er dead, drowned world-ruins', white frozen rocks!

One, hark, entreat, among them, with thick voice;
Touching that long-aged being of the gods.
But their red eyes be guileful as the snake;
Sith, on their ways, those lowering all part forth.

Calls Cuan's company then, the royal steward,
To the king's herberge, in mead-hall, and meat.
Kynan, yet feeble, of late pestilence,
Leans, in king's stool; and friendly his high right hand
Beckons, to Avalon's bard. When all have supped;
Cuan, at the Lord's bidding, his clear chords
Tempered; and chants Christ's Peace, with piercing note!

The king, to Cuan, parting, a bard's fee,
Would give; but naught would he at all receive:
Christ freely gave, and that above all worth.
So passed, upon his way, the *vates* forth.
He, from lord's hall to hall, chants, in West March;
Of whom some, heard Christ's inner voice, and tôuched
Their warlike hearts; would know more of this path:

But, Who should teach them? they of Cuan ask.
That bard of Alban tiding sends to Joseph!

Few now and old, the brethren which there rest:
Was the Lord's day, when came that word of Cuan.
Then fell God's spirit on Phelles; and he spake,
Send me! The saints, long having prayed, they laid
Then on that brother all their faithful hands.
With them that turn to Cuan, lo, he parts forth.
They journey; and certain with them, Eryr's druids,
Which run in those hill-coasts; (that lighting-places,
They deem of heavenly spirits;) whereas they seek
Cleanness of heart, and paths of Light and peace.
One morrow, amidst their voyage, came to pass
A robber band met with them, men unarmed;
(Were felon Belges, from the Romans' Province!)
Which threatened them, with death. Yet let those go,
As many as were druids. The rest they bind.
They have, though old and stranger wight, bound Phelles;
To sell, to thraldom, or for sacrifice.
He joys, as counted worthy to partake
In sufferings of the Christ, before his death.
Now last, lo, mart-place, by that windy lake,
Whence sacred Dee outflows; where the green hill,

Tomb of old hero, who thereunder lies,
Couched in his helm and corselet of pure gold,
(Howbe his glorious name is quite forgot.)
There certain day, in every month, wont stand
Men thralls, mongst sheep and oxen, to be sold !
  This morn is mart of merchants ; and exposed,
Lo, Phelles, girt in blanket weed of Alban !
Chaffers him, for three rams, then some old Briton,
And certain poise of bronze. Is vow this made,
To his vain gods, for safety in the wars ;
One offering, for his soul, of even years.
He hales then bounden Phelles forth, with cords,
To Dee's broad oaks ; whereunder, which enclose,
In compass round, twelve mighty unhewed stones,
An altar is. (An hireling druid shall there,
Him slay, at set of sun !) Phelles, lo, drawn
On this wise forth. One meets them, in the path,
From upland, coming on, with spear and targe ;
Who seems a champion, of some prince's house,
Tall glast-stained wight: And he a lord's badge wears,
On his stout upper arm ; where pourtraied ship,
With silver sail and helms and oars, embossed.
  Of truculent gait, and casting fierce blue eyes,
This stedfastly regards the stranger's face ;

And knew him, (though him Phelles knoweth not,)
stays ;
And from his left arm, suddenly, on agéd Phelles,
Cast the man his brave cloak ; his other hand,
Upon that trembling wretch, he sternly laid,
Who Phelles hales ! and hoarsely, he, of this thrall,
Requires his emption, as then custom was ;
(Who shall his owner's charge pay, ere day's end,
May redeem new-bought thrall. Thus many an
one
His sire hath saved, his brother or his son.)
Not daring that old wight, him to gainsay ;
The scornful warrior gives him gage, till eve ;
His gay broad glittering belt, of hammered bronze,
Two oxen worth ; wherein, of cunning smith,
Lo, antique battle wrought of Gauls and Romans :
(Be blue-emailléd these ; are Romans gilt.)
He will redeem it, where they go to lodge,
In house of certain trader of Manannan.
That champion smites his cords, with warlike glaive,
Atwo : then taking Phelles, by the hand,
Long gazeth kindly on the Phœnician's face.
Phelles, him-seems, record that champion's voice :
Erewhile, him, mongst some captives, hath he
seen ;

Squalid then, shorn, who bears now long sheen locks :
Daubed then, with clay, whose weed is this fair lawn !

He one of them was, whom had sent lord Amathon,
(Prince Kowain's captives,) unto king Duneda ;
What day the shipwrecked brethren fared to Isca :
When Phelles kindness also to him showed,
And led to Joseph ; who healed his war-wounds.
His name Cathmor. He Phelles' ransom hath
Now borrowed, from that trader of Manannan,
(Was all his yearly wage.) To the old wight,
He it numbered then, redeemed his warlike belt.

Upon the morrow, ended, in these parts,
His business ; at new springing dawn, they twain
Part forth, impatient Cathmor, to come home.
Much forest, faring on their feet, they pass,
In many days : but nightly find, to lodge,
In friendly cabans ; and be there refreshed,
With meat ; for servant, unto sire Manannan,
Is Cathmor knowen wide. Last, at salt flood,
Staying that tall champion, on his ash spear-staff,
And Phelles, feeble, aiding, (at low ebb ;)
To Mona, the sea-strait they overwade :
So wend up to Manannan ; who, through age,
Unapt to menage shield, or stand in chariot ;

Hundred stout men of war maintains, in arms ;
Whom he, to Chuchid, sends, each Summer-season,
Moelmabon's son ; to strive with harnessed Romans.
Bounteous Manannan, who receives all strangers,
Beareth himself what charge his man hath paid ;
For that Phœnician shipwrecked mariner.
Then oft with him communes the waywont sire ;
(Whose mind is as the illimitable deep !)
Of ships, lands far-off, tongues, men, merchandise ;
But Phelles preacheth Christ, to sire Manannan ;
Who heard, where dwelled that heaven-descended One,
Him bowed, in his high settle, towards the East ;
Gate of the Sun, from whence flows all our good.

Romans, to Mona's sound, of new, approach ;
Cohorts of legions, archers, Gaulish horse.
Last power of all the youth of Deheubarth,
Gainst them upmarch, in warwont thick caterfs :
(For by Moelmabon's counsel, since ere-year,
Were Winter-sieges laid to soldiers' *castra*.
And were, by bloody assault, some also won ;
And death of all within them, stranger Romans !)
Their duke is Chuchid : in the *Samhain*-month,[1]
Deceased Moelmabon. It decreed high gods ;

November.

That should the sire not see, of all South Britain,
Last overthrow. Lo, joined to him, king Kynan
Leads all the remnant of his martial nation.
Manannan made then whole-burned sacrifice,
Of sheep and beves, to Britons' battle-gods.
Dark was the night, when, from Manannan's court,
Tall Cathmor hundred spears leads forth, with shout!

When legions passed sea-sound, Manannan hears;
With only few in company and stranger Phelles,
He mounts mule, to the Isle's West waves to ride:
Where, (sent before him messenger,) ready lies
His ship now, the Red Mare, with sail and oars.
They journeyed forth, lodge, by dim light of stars,
That sea beside; and pass, with troubled hearts,
The hours, till afternoon; when tiding brought,
Of battle joined, twixt Chuchid and the Romans!
Came further word, at even, by long land-shout!
Is Chuchid hurt; king Kynan fell from chariot;
Blue Britons fled. Have Romans taken the dune:
Soldiers burn the sire's hall! Sighed then Manannan,
That little now is left, in his great age,

To maintain guests. Then heard was strange vast voice,
Calling, by name, Manannan Son of Lîr!
(Voice of the Oracle!) and, Unto the Deep,
Commanding, launch forth now the Red Mare ship!
His swains her heave, o'er wide sea-bent, to strand.
Manannan, mounted on her board, quoth loud,
He would forsake the World! Rumbles salt flood,
Whose bosom Lîr's steed-necked prow doth receive.
Manannan bade his swains then row, for life;
Else should swift currents steal them, from their course;
Nor might sustain their sail-yard weight of wind.
But last of them, which, on the shore, remained;
Was heard, from waves, rebellowing to fast land,
A more than mortal shout! wind-spurned, the wing-
Sailed Red Mare, towards far sea-rim, swiftly flies!
So that did cast her rowers, in board, their oars.
And wrought the sea: beat then great billow reared,
O'er them, that snow-drift seemed! Fallen the young men

In tideway now were seen : whereas, being changed,
To swans, in tumbling watery heaps, they ride.
  But, sitting on his keel, the sire remained ;
That, under him, as whale-fish seemed. Sang then
Manannan chant divine ; whose words arcane,
(But hid the sense,) raught hardly unto men's ears.
Beyond wan circuit of sea-waves, which seemed
Then molten wall, from ken, he shortly passed,
Of mortals, looking from hoar craigs : but sith,
Bards sing, unheard-of tiding, to their harps,
In the mead-halls, of lords, in wide West March ;
How, being of nature with the deathless gods,
The Son of Lîr, in form of a white mist,
Unto the evening skies, exalted was !

  God's Spirit had parted from that fellowship,
Phelles, who wandered, through wood-shaw, all night ;
So bade the blesséd Christ, which is our Peace ;
Fleeing the cruel face of Mona's druids :
Till weary ; and when begins now day to break,
He sate him down ; and saw, from thence, unfar,
A remote cliff, and breaking wave beneath ;
Whereas some bay and solitary shore.
  Grey deep, how wholesome, to a shipman's eye !
And who is 'scaped, from ape-faced world, not joys

Look forth, o'er thy vast wandering breast, abroad,
From some lone cliff, and snuff-up thy salt breath?
Eternal flood! how thy waves' sullen sound,
Doth seem, as mother's voice, to wakening child!
(And art thou Infinite Deep, the antique Womb
Of all!) He gazed wide out, and wished for God!

Then looking through the fingers of his palms,
Wherein his agéd face is fallen; he gives
God thanks, for his soul saved. Unto that strand,
Descending, will he wait the will of Christ.
Phelles bethinks him, of that swart-blue deep,
(Hewed as the jacinth flower,) of far Phœnice,
Whose glassy waves dance to a Summer-strand;
And his fair Tyrian shore, whence wont he look
Forth, to those laurel hills of Nazareth.

Now, after prayer, (how sweet of a lone soul,
Which sealed to heavenly life, and cleaves to Christ!)
He, son to poor Phœnician fisher-folk,
Returns, in happy musing of his spirit;
To Accho strand, and days past of his youth.
Again, he, by clear-fleeting Belus' brook,
That caban sees, and little garden-close;
The hedge, with gourds o'errun, of glistering reeds;
And that pitched bark, was their poor livelihood.

Tyre's large sand shore, like sickle, lies beyond;

That strewed is, after Winter's stormy wrath,
With shells and shining wealth of salt sea-deep:
Whose world of billows, like to watery light,
Melodious, had lulled his cradle-sleep.
He mused, in busy thought, how fares his house;
And yearning fervent prays, might they be Christ's!
And as, (for so loved God the World,) died Christ;
He also, for his brethren, would taste death.
They, as their father, (being then grown young men,)
His childhood loved; and what time they came home,
From all-night fishing, in their bark; each one,
Lifting him, in his manly arms, kissed oft.

Five days, lodged Phelles at those wild waves' brinks;
Sea-eggs, with limpets of the craig, his meat;
And, warped there, certain kind of salt sea-wrack,
(Red *dulse*, or water-leaf; and the green *sloke*;)
Which might be eaten, on that forlorn strand;
Nor he alone, for in him dwelleth Christ.
Phelles, the stranger, find there enemies druids.
Now midnight, slumbering on a pebble-bank,
He dreams Christ's advent, with the heavenly stars!
Those come up, then in moon-shine, from their bark.
He sleeper, wakened, meekly rose: him stand,

His foes around ; that prick him, with their spears.
Those Phelles bind : they hale him then, down-forth ;
And headlong, cast in, with them, to their bark.
The druids' boat servants thrust then, from the land !
Till dawn, those row : and where they now take shore,
Those cast-out patient Phelles, from their board.
Some buffet him ; pluck other down, alas !
His hoar head mocking, in the bitter billow ;
Making as would they drench him, in salt flood.
Him, whom they smote ; they goad, still threatening death,
On, with their spears : then having, on his neck,
Laid all their burdens, journey forth afoot.
Thus dies he many sithes, before his death ;
Who ever liveth, in God's life-giving Christ.
Now afternoon, they halt, by half-burned croft ;
Whence fetor blown ! Hath murder-war filled Mona,
With Britons' blue unburied carcases.
Julius Agricola, lo, the twelfth great captain,
Whom Cæsars sent, their legates, unto Britain ;
(And noblest he, of all those heathen Romans !)
In Britain warring, under duke Suetonius,
Gone eighteen years, he Mona's fields had wasted :
And now returned, with the same Roman legions ;
He all utterly spoiléd hath, and her villages burned ;

And, taken their cattle, blue Britons' standing corn
Destroyed. Sith, as had chanced then, to Suetonius,
Are tidings brought him of new warlike stirs,
Mongst Britons: from North March, descends
Venutios.
Wherefore, repassed Agricola Mona's strait;
He marched, in haste, to meet his enemies.

Those journeying druids, which Phelles aye torment,
Kindled now fire beside some blackened brook;
Sit down, of such meat, as they have, to dine.
Yet, whilst they eat, gives no man to the saint,
Though he their budgets bare; saying, with mocks,
Victim, which hallowed to the gods, behoves
Fast, that he were more pure. But Phelles prays,
And bowing down the head, hath inward feast.
Bound to a stem, he leans; and sleeps at once.
Till wakens him chill morrow, Phelles slumbers.

Yet is that twilight, which before the sun;
When driven, lo, Phelles forth, of cruel druids.
They journey, in beaten-path on, till high noon;
Whereas much war-stained folk, of Britons, pass:
Of whom not few have bounden battle-wounds.
And Phelles, every one which meets them, threatens;

With that, or spear or glaive, is in his hand.
All him revile as Roman ; but to druids,
Which bring him bound, they bow down their proud faces!
They issue soon, to some fire-blackened glade ;
Where round about, lo, wretches hanged in trees!
That groan to deaf high ear of heaven ; and howl
To men ; in abhorred Roman strangers' tongue.
(Were soldiers, which left hurt, in slaughter-field ;
Bare too faint hearts, to fall on their own glaives.)
Have those, as public robbers, punishment ;
Which to augment, their feet beneath, are kindled
Fires of green boughs ! Be now, ah, horrid sight !
Some partly in flames consumed, and bitter smoke.
(Much like is, unto angry swarming bees,
Murmur of Britons thronging in that place !)
And there amidst, ringed-round of cords and rods ;
Is certain space, which keep fierce men in arms.
Within, lo, sits, on marches of green sods,
With lords of tribes, some great assize of druids.
Mongst these, behold war-wounded lords be laid ;
And certain are there also newly dead ;
O'er whom their royal mantles are displayed !
A duke, upon his elbow, faintly leans :
Unto whom, those all, as aught of weight he said,

Give heed. It is, who Storm-of-war was named,
Venutios, of North March : whose godlike looks
Seem clay already. Ah, ceased is now his breath !
All hearts grow cold, which that king's mortal part
See sink, in iron sleep, of endless death :
Whose glory is only a memory now henceforth !
With few, of further Britons, which forepassed,
In swift-teamed carts, their thick-speared blue caterfs ;
Amongst Agricola's journeying expedite cohorts,
By night-time, fell, unwares, great king Venutios.
Violent hurled javelin, in the starless murk,
Pierced the sire's loins: whom hardly Ebroc's champions
Then saved, in glast-stained arms, and hid in grove ;
Whence had they brought Brigantes' lord, Venutios,
To die, in Mona, sacred isle of druids.

But who, mongst many kneeling, their fronts bound,
With holy oak-leaves ; (shine on whose proud necks,
Wreathed collars, of red gold, all great lords' sons ;)
Is that tall young man laid, already dead ?
On fairer flower looked not the sun all-seeing,
Of Britain's youth ! Cover, ah, long gilt locks,

Of those his peers, from head to foot, the corse ;
Which have they polled, for grief of his young death !
Is glorious Chuchid, last son of Moelmabon,
Silures' king ; with whom, fighting gainst legions,
Fell last resistance of stern Deheubarth.
For valorous Kynan, Hammeraxe, was pierced,
Nigh him, of shaft ; and died, in field, anon.
He lies not here, who buried Briton dukes ;
Him bear his men, to their tribe's royal tomb !

Priests stand, at bloody altar-stones, beyond :
With dreary knives of flint, ben armed their hands.
Lie shambles, at whose feet, ah, impious heaps,
Of murdered wights, disbowelled carcases !
(Men say, were some chief captives those, of Romans.)
To doom-ring, they arriving which hale Phelles ;
Wherefore, that council ask, bring they this man,
Some merchant seems, to die before the gods?
For sacrilege, them denying to be gods!
(Thereto, make all then answer, with one mouth,)

Which Britons save, hath this the death deserved;
Who is some stranger, subject unto Romans.
When such they heard, lifting their sceptre-rods,
Did druids and lords consent, to Phelles' death!
On whom, (disciple he of Him, Who is
Our Peace,) condemned to bloody Teutates,
(Blue Britons' god of war,) mad druids seizing!
The council erst, by mouth of Camlorix, ask,
As custom is, (is this now prince in Mona,
Uncle of Ergund, man of giant stature;)
And he have aught request, towards his death?
To be, he answered, nailed on Roman cross;
(And stretch, like Christ's, his hands, from East to West.)
This they deny him; but, and would he speak,
It is permitted to each dying wight.
Looking to heaven; and all men him beholding,
He spread his palms, (as Jesu on the rood!)
And was, in that he prayed, his countenance changed;
And seemed exalted, their blue throngs above,
His stature. Hear him all ears, in their tongue,
Yearning to Christ, pray for his adversaries!

And, whilst he spake, their anguish seemed appease ;
Which hanged round, dying, on those gallow-trees.
  Thenceforth, estranged his eyes, from this dark world,
On heaven, be fixt ; where seems him see the Christ !
  Then, as he, child, was joyous wont outrun,
What time was seen his father's bark turn home ;
And hold, with infant hands, the pitchy stem ;
So goes he, all jocund, to that bloody stone.
Where no dry place, he goes, in gory ground ;
And it, which seemed to him the Christ, embraced ;
With loving sighs, and happy cries, embraced !
  And as, in Spring, the thorny eglantine
Doth blissful blos'm ; so now that wintered face,
Of the old Phœnician mariner, whom saved Christ,
By water, twice. More his, than that dear joy,
Of earthly love, which, in youth of our flesh ;
After long harms and sundered souls' distress ;
In what hour, crowned with spotless marriage,
Each spouse, of the belovéd spouse, possessed,
Lip unto lip, and faithful breast to breast ;
Are they last made, in bliss of heaven, one being,
To parted be no mo. Hath agéd Phelles
Such creeping lovely flames, such quick desires,
To die soon, and be ever with the Christ !

Weary begone, in that the agéd saint
Kisseth the stone, slide back his feeble feet ;
And fainting, through long passion of the way,
He, in that spilth of blood, fell down, alas !
And all his raiment white, of Alban lawn,
And reverend locks, abominable gore,
Distains ; nor rue, on him, his enemies.
Risen on his knees ; chief priest, with sceptre-rod,
Smote on his nape ; which hath so numbed the sense,
That druids bear, on the stone, him, swooning man :
Where, whilst they enforce them, break the victim's chine ;
One rives, with knife of flint, the mariner's chest !
He, ah, thrust then bloody hands, in the saint's bowels,
Pluckt forth his quivering heart-root, prophecies ;
With muttering strange, and dark confuséd voice !
But certain, like white dove, saw Phelles' spirit
Flit unto heaven, where now he rests, with Christ.

Tidings, of Phelles' passion, came to Alban,
In the New Year. Then magnify, with prayer,
The saints, and praise and melody in their hearts,
The Lord ; for their dear brethrens' faithful deaths ;
Phelles and Alexander. Midst the Church,
Standing, on the Lord's day, then Joseph spake :

Belovéd, we ourselves, as dead, should reckon,
Already, and as buried in Christ's death.
Also, for all which have received the CROWN,
For the testimóny of Christ; whose innocent flesh,
The teeth of beasts have rent, in their lewd shows,
In impious Rome; those yield, to God, high thanks!
Then Cuan *vates*, toucht his harp, and quoth;
Those feared not, (fearing die, after their deaths,)
Die, in this life, that might they live, with Christ.
The memory of them, within our hearts, is like
Unto sweet smell, in Summer field, of lilies.
Letters, from Babylon, from his daughter Claudia,
Belovéd in the Lord, show in how great
Afflictions liveth daily the Lord's Church,
In caves and ruinous sepulchres, holy life,
Under the earth. And aye hath Pudens' house,
(He hears of certain proselytes,) good report:
Wherein, like image in frail womankind,
Of the dear Master, Claudia, in much almesdeed,
And works of love, is handmaid of the Christ.

After these days, being published Nero's death,
And how Rome's *capitolium* was burned,

In civil flames ; lift everywhere their heads,
The oppressed nations. Tumults then, in Gaul ;
And blood doth flow, in every land, of Romans.
  Then noised was death, of king Caratacus,
In Britain ; where now are established Romans,
In builded camps, conjoined of long paved ways :
Nor, till their youth be grown, may aught attempt,
Of new, her wasted tribes, gainst strength of legions.
  The hero, glorious king Caratacus,
In Senogallia dwells, old city of Brennus ;
Passing his days, to sit beside the sea ;
And tell the idle waves, unto the strand.
(Is Idhig with the sire and king Volisios ;
But deceased Hiradoc in the former year.)
  Tomb, in that town, of Heremod, yet is seen ;
And Caradoc offers to his divine spirit,
And Fridia and Brennus yearly sacrifices.
And who, of Britons' lords, for any cause,
Journey, at diverse times, to Sovereign Rome ;
Their wont, by Senogallia, is to pass ;
To reverence great bewrayed Caratacus ;
Whose soul, (his body here pent,) dwells in Isle Britain !
  Howbeit Verturia, named The-maid-of-Kent,
King Caradoc's daughter, sojourns now, in Rome ;

Spouse to a noble kinsman of his house ;
(Son to his sister Toga and slain Bodvocos,)
Lugetorix ; one who, taken great Verulam,
Unto Italy, had been sent, by Cæsar Claudius ;
Where fostered, mongst the imperial hostages,
He, and the World's sad exiles, was in Roma.
  There oft her mother, Embla, visits her ;
But seld, who Roma abhors, her glorious sire.
Yet, felt his great heart swell, when Roma burned ;
He shook himself, from rust of sorrow, and rode
With Gorran ; (hoar now, as two fathers old,
Be both their heads !) to view her cindered streets,
Arcs, desolate palaces, temples, ruinous heaps ;
Scorched crazy walls, which lately perjured Rome :
Destroyed, without an enemy, by the gods !

  Passed abhorred Nero's last nefarious days ;
Is come again, to City of Romulus,
The glory of Britain, great Caratacus :
And lodged the hero, in his daughter's house,
Which wide, from Esquiline's hill-height, surviews
The dedale infinite roofs of marble Rome.
  One morn, from housetop, when the king salutes
Day's rising god ; his eyes Caratacus
Cast, towards the quadrate mount Capitoline ;

Whereon shines, threefold, that Saturnian fane,
Above Rome's City, of her three greatest gods ;
With gates of bronze, and golden tiles and frieze ;
Glistering aloft, as hauberk were of brass.
Comes thence now battle-noise, to the king's ears !
On thousand helms, this dancing sunlight plays.
Behold the temple, seized of legionaries !
  Watcheth the sire, as from some marble bank,
Wont gaze men, in a Roman theatre,
Down, on some fray, which toucheth nigh their hearts.
Eftsoon, with fearful hubbub, roar the streets.
Vast ferment, hark, of dwellers in great Rome ;
That mouthing servile bloody multitude !
Like the foul shadows of their marble streets,
Disdains them his great soul : of whom not ten
Were matchable, in like arms, with one tall Briton !
  That furious strife, Flavians against Vitellians,
Romans gainst Romans, midst of Sovereign Rome,
Dures forth till afternoon ; when noble Sabine,
(Who præfect of the City Sovereign was,)
Fell, in the *cella* of Jupiter ; which the middest
Is of those fanes. Is he the same, (gone nigh
Now thirty years,) who, brother of Vespasian,
Leading, in the Britannic war, Gauls' horse,

Gainst the blue power of martial Togodumnos ;
By that king's javelin, also wounded was.
Yet when now he beheld the innocent corse,
Borne forth, pierced by rash spears of barbare soldiers ;
Mourned, generous, for his death Caratacus !
Who walks, on pillared terrace of his house.
Though gone-by tale of years, which a man's age ;
Aye, with the buried bones of Togodumnos,
His brother twin, is the king's mourning thought ;
Betwixt two oaks, in glade of far-off Britain ;
Buried, in haste, with the eagle of a legion.
He hopes, when last should victory, over Romans,
Have given their saviour gods, to the blue Britons,
To mound, translate them, of great king Cunobelin,
And Tasciovant, and, (Rome's-bane,) Cassiobellan,
Their glorious sires ; at royal gate of Verulam :
Which should, stained with the blood of hundred bulls,
Be wet with tears of all the island tribes.
For aye, hopes he, at length, (as hopeth each man,)
His heart's ease and desire, should grant high heaven !
He would again poll, for dead Togodumnos,
His now hoar locks. Should, in vast burning-place ;
Of wnole felled groves, be timbered royal pyre ;
Hanged all with precious veils and thousand shields

Caradoc, in thought, sees Britons' kings, with brands ;
And bringing funeral gifts their other hands ;
Leading blue tribes, run three-times round, in arms ;
And parfumes cast in, of the tears of pines,
Gathered from holy groves : and noble wives,
And maids, should, wailing, smite their breasts to blood.
In thought, he famous bards hears praises chant,
Of Togodumnos ; and loud Britons shout,
All crowned with yew, the turning of each verse.
How should seem bowering darkness of night heavens,
Vast tomb ; that gíant flame, Togodumnos' spirit !

Hark, shout ! In Rome's great city, is new effray.
King Caradoc, lifting up his agéd eyes ;
Now issuing, from the Capitolium, sees
Smoke, surging flames, that leap from porch to roof !
Soon all, in immane fiery womb, enfold ;
Temples and colonnade, and glittering eaves !
Upon a pillar, leans Caratacus ;
In pictured soler of his house, in Rome ;
Where, gone all forth, the king is left alone.
He murmurs, gazing-on, some chant of druids !
And Roman walls resound great Briton voice.

Then ended he ; and weary in his great spirit,
The king sate down. His chin falls on his breast ;
Like as yond sun, now going down to his rest,
Seems lean yet, on low border of this World !
Seems Caradoc sleep ; and so remained long while.
Hark, footstep on the stair ! is agéd Embla ;
Who, lo, from marble sill, looks in, at door ;
(In Embla's eyes, how shines yet living light,
As beauty of clear stars !) She Caradoc calls,
Supper is dight; Belovéd come to meat!
But the hero, from his settle, answers naught ;
Nor may wake, any more, great Caradoc.
The king, lo, where he sitteth, is cold and dead !

Come the sixth morrow ; (as decreed Rome's Senate,)
For Britons' king, is, at the public cost,
Made funeral pomp. Great dead Caratacus,
Now have the city's magistrates followed forth,
To burning place. The royal cinders sith,
Being gathered in an alabaster urn ;
It, crowned with bays, and graven with his name,
(Renowned in Rome !) and age and dignities ;
They send, with *flamen* of the ferale goddess,
Libitina, and lictors and shrill flutes,
(For the more honour,) to Verturia's house :

Where come, and standing silent, at her port,
With covered heads ; those it, in Embla's hands,
(Who weeping issues forth !) reverent, deposed.
Then they declare ; she hath the consuls' licence,
This send, to be entombed, in far-off Britain.

She, widow, noble lady, in Rome, dwells still ;
Which nurtured her young years. Sith, with her daughter,
Verturia, joys ; being called, both, to Christ's fold !
Through Briton voice of Claudia Rufina,
(Wife to that noble Pudens, senator.)
Of Claudia's fellowship, also, which believe,
Be now even ladies of the imperial palace !
Last, deceased white-haired Embla, in the faith
And hope of Christ ; and in His holy path :
What year Silures were, in fine, subdued ;
Month when, nigh Parthenopé,[1] mount, that burned,
Fell in the deep, which seethed, and died all fish.
And now Vespasian, (who ere warred in Britain,)
Ruling the hundred nations of proud Rome ;
The Holy City is compassed-in of armies ;
Leading them Titus : till, (when Ariel ceased,
The Lion of God, fight for Christ-slaying Jews !)

[1] Now Naples.

Brake Romans her towered walls of goodly stones,
With mighty engines. Then await His saints,
In all the world, that coming of the Christ!
And great DAY OF THE LORD, in a New Earth!

When now, in Avalon, Joseph understood,
How broken-down was the most holy place;
And made Jews daily sacrifice to cease;
(Which things he heard foresay the Master Christ,)
He lifts, each hour, towards heaven his yearning looks!
But the same night, God's Spirit revealed to Joseph,
How is the end not yet: the days approach,
Wherein he should be gathered to his rest.
Then thrice, with tears, His saint the Lord besought;
To Daughter, now, of Sion, ah, burned and wasted,
He might return; and in the desolate cave,
Wherein the LORD OF LIFE he shrouded laid,
Whence Christ arose, that might he lie, deceased.
But spake God's Spirit; The ransom-blood of Christ,
Hath, as one altar, hallowed the whole Earth!
He saw, in an excess of spirit, the heavens
Rolled away, like a curtain; and God's footstool,
Beheld, in an ineffable radiance.
Yet Joseph, whilst he looked, beheld that beam,

Of a wild olive, (whereon the Lord's flesh
Was nailed,) grown green, o'erspread, like vine, Isle Britain!
He saw, with glaive, then standing angel Albion;
With whom a chief One, of the Sons of Heaven;
In shining robe, of lofty countenance:
And likeness of an hand this lifted up,
(The Spirit of Supplication,) raught to THRONE;
And touched the knees of Him, Who sate thereon.
And Joseph heard Christ's voice saying, in his trance;
Speak patience, to My people on the earth:
A little, and shall be established Righteousness;
And sin and these calamities shall cease!
Joseph beheld; and saw, in Britain, rise,
(Leading Rome's armies, which Christ crucified,)
Cæsar, late nephew to his daughter Claudia;
Which bowed his helm-clad head down, as he went,
To lowly Christ; and worshipped God, the legions!
Whilst yet he looked, he Romans saw no more:
But Britons subject now, to kings; and made
Blue island nations, mongst them, confuse wars.
Then he beheld, against them rowed, long keels!
Is Britain's marriage, Daughter of the Main,

With Thorolf's warlike seed, nephew of Brennus ;
Howbe, for Britons' sins, those come with arms !
Why would'st thou, niece to Fridia and Heremod,
Clear daughter of a king, with *Wes thu hale*,[1]
Giving the cup, ah, on thine honied tongue,
Embase thee to that wrong? He who forged heaven,
Nathless, of these twin nations, will make one ;
(Whose name, in a late world, to be renowned ;)
Shall, mighty hive, send forth sea and land swarms.
Bowing, being raised from sleep, his prayer-worn knees,
Joseph long prays ; and thirsts his soul for God !
Sith to the Churches, many now in Britain,
New Verulam, Aquæ and Caerwent, New Londinium ;
Lindum and Eboracum, in North parts ;
Sent Joseph letters, bidding all men watch :
And, in the end, with loving words, he writ ;
The Father of our dear Lord Jesus Christ,
Preserve and keep you, in soul's health ! this pray
I, every hour, now ready to depart.

Cuan, sweet bard of Christ, in Britons' tongue ;
From Roman Britain, passed West seas, to Erinn ;

[1] Be thou well !

He went up, from Ergalia's pleasant shore ;
Where lives yet, in great age, the sire Duneda,
Host of the saints : (when Romans came to Britain,
His head was white, as blossom of the thorn !)
That royal ancient, in New Isca hall,
Sits ; and he blames, in heart, his nation's gods.
  When Cuan harps, in those Dumnonians' ears,
Singing, of Christ, the everlasting words ;
Seem bees his gold-beard lips, which blissful flowers
Have supped, in Summer field ; and some believed :
And say ; like bubbling well, from a white sand,
Is heavenly lay, which springs in this bard's breast.
  Prudent Rhianna, daughter to Duneda,
And widow of noble Morag, sits beside
Her sire now, in king's stool ; and, in mead-hall,
Sustain is, of his eld-bound, impotent, years.
(Is lame Duneda, and taken in all his limbs ;
And Kamlan, stooped in age, is lately dead.)
  Heard Cuan out, Rhianna his chant commendeth,
Unto her father. She herself rehearsed
Then lay, wise bard, from far North March ; (who
    sate,
Journeying, in Venedot and in Deheubarth,
A three-days' guest, at Maglos' Winter-hearth ;)
Quoth, to the warbles of his trembling crowth ;

How Truth, a little hoar-browed, age-bent, wight;
Whose dwelling, erewhile was, with antique dwarves,
One day, came, unto City-of-the-world.
Much Truth man-kin contemned, to them arrived,
Lapped in rent saie, to hele him from the cold.
Were none, which would so abject wearish thrall,
To guest, receive. Their high-born and rich men,
And every worldly wight; Truth, who loud cried,
But could not glozing speak, have much despised:
They him, where rest, and needful meat, denied.
Men loosed, on Truth, their hounds. Him children sith,
Have, fugitive, chaced long, up and down the street,
To their Town's end; where men the micher beat.

Last, drew they him as dead; and at their gate,
Cast forth, to beasts of forest, wild and waste.
But Truth did flit away, as a bright bird,
To heavenly cloud! whose breast, with lightning wrath,
Was big: which hurled eftsoons gods on the earth!

Duneda, though his ears waxed dull, and gross
Now all his sense, gave praise to Cuan's crowth:
Saying, When this pláys, is parfume, in men's souls!
And sware by Abcan, god of music's skill,
Talargan, bard of name, made not so well,
Sitting, in his sire's days, in Isca's hall;
Mongst who then lords. The old sire sith propounds
His riddles, What is that lean hag, devours
The world; and still goes drunken of men's blood?
And that which men's war-multitudes cherisheth,
As woman's breast; but no man nourisheth?

What leaner is, quoth Cuan, than sharp glaive,
And hath so great a mouth; or nurtures less
Than warrior's shield, before his panting chest!
Yet spake Duneda; What is, bard of Alban,
That incorruptible, which corrumpeth most?
Quoth Cuan, What thing, Duneda, doth less rust;
Or hireth more men, than wage of the bright gold!
And he; Yet say, what least vile thing that is,
Which, soon as born, is stronger than the gods;
And earth and heaven fills with his violence?
Hard is thine asking, king, (Christ's *vates* quoth:)
Can aught compare, with all-devouring flame?
Whose sparkle a thráll's hand smites forth, of field stone!

When Joseph knew the day nigh hand, wherein
He should depart to Christ; he called the Church,
Makes known, what things foreshows the Spirit of Truth:

And they, which this last time, of Joseph's mouth,
Do hear the Lord's commandments, cannot choose
But weep. He gave them then the Lyber Bret.
The man of God records him sith, of cup ;
Wherein, to memory of Christ's most precious blood,
We drink, through faith, life to our dying souls ;
(That crystal cup, which lifted Jesus up ;
What night He was betrayed, to sinners' death ;)
That had in worship of some simple ones !
Wherefore, come night, instructed of God's Spirit ;
Put Joseph out, with Pistos, on the lake.
Tegid, who sought be with him, in the bark ;
He bade still tarry, at shore : and rowing Pistos ;
Joseph let, from his bosom, in mid-course,
To slide, that cup of blessing, in the mere :
Unto all, even to this day, unknown the place.

Joseph returned, called certain, with the men
Of Canaan, yet with him remained alive,
Now agéd ; Shalum, Barnaby and Aristobulus ;
(Had Salema, already, from the body passed ;)
And they him, feeble, halting on a staff,
And gazing into heaven, have followed forth,
With lifted hearts ! When little now till day ;
An angel parts them, at the going up

Of hill, called the Wolf's Mount. By twilight path,
Joseph ascends alone. In that, o'er Alban,
Her holms and hamlets, he outstretched his palms;
Was voice, in the air, of everlasting ones;
COME GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT, TO THY REST!
Praying, he kneels; and bowed down the hoar head,
Dieth his body; and passed his soul to God.

Pray angels o'er him, standing in that place;
Like twain young men. They, Open, then commanded,
God's creature, Earth! receive His servant's flesh;
Till day of that appearing of the CHRIST,
THE BLESSED!
Dear Foster Muse, fails now my breath.

Father of European, (as distinguished from the yet earlier Asiatic and Egyptian) poetic art; and in whose immortal lays we recognise perfect symmetry, beauty and grace, with σωφροσύνη, which was Heaven's best gift to the Hellenes, is immortal Homêros; who is likewise an eternal mirror and undying begetter of the sister arts of picture and sculpture. That marvellous human-divine voice, of their heroic world, before letters, comes to our senses over the gulf of an hundred ages of man's life, matchless in form and absolute in all its members!

In this North-lying island soil, Geoffrey Chaucer kindled the first bright beacon-lamp, at the hearth of the divine Muses. In the better of his works, (not without some broad human stains,) there is already a justness and directness, (springing from an ingenuous disposition, and diligent searching-out and observation of natural and human things, with knowledge and meditation of the tongue,) which touches men's hearts: a certain noble height and living fulness of song; as if his vein flowed from the island-wells of Nature herself. In a few words, which he puts into the mouth of 'Our Host,' this admirable and estimable

Author seems to have painted out his own soul; whose person, (come down to us, standing in the Temple of the Muses,) is become, as it were, a friend to us all;

> What man art thou?
> Thou lokest, as thou woldest finde an hare,
> For ever, upon the ground, I see thee stare.
> He seemeth elvish, by his contenance.
> We shullen here (hear)
> Some deintee thing, me thinketh, by thy chere.

But only to Edmund Spenser, darling of the divine Muses; those, (with their companion Graces, of blissful lips,) revealed their own golden intimate tongue; and taught him, without spot or stain, to devoutly perceive the harmony of the Spheres. Yet even, in his brief lifetime, English speech began somewhat to decay: nor did the daughters of Mnemosyne make him free, though 'throughly taught, (as he himself chants,) in all his art,' of mediæval riming; which Roger Ascham had lately contended to be but a trapping of barbarism.

The kindled stream of song has since flowed down in two channels. The one following the fruitful Homeric tradition, (which revived, from long living-death, in the classical *Renaissance*;) the other a self-

sprung bardism: now, it is said, like Abana and Pharpar, nearly run-out to the dregs, and unwholesome pools in the desert.

Pythagoras graved upon his lintel;

NO ONE WHO IS IGNORANT OF THE PROPERTIES OF NUMBERS, MAY ENTER HERE.

The like might be said of *Ars poetica*. It is idle to imagine, that any man not a well-taught lover of his tongue, can enter into the Garden of the Muses.

Further, it is the prerogative of every lover of his Country, to use the instrument of his thought, which is the Mother-tongue, with propriety and distinction; to keep that reverently clean and bright, which lies at the root of his mental life, and so, by extension, of the life of the Community: putting away all impotent and disloyal vility of speech, which is no uncertain token of a people's decadence.

But to come to the present Work: the interval therein treated-of, namely from the taking of ancient Rome, by the Sénones Gauls, to the destruction of Jerusalem, by Titus; is of about 450 years. Its Anglecism, or linguistic horizon, is that nearly of the days of Spenser.

And though few words, in these volumes, not plain to every ingenuous Reader, remain unexplained; it has been thought convenient to add a short glossary, (it is mostly of the remaining Roman terms,) together with a slight index of some mythological, historic and geographical names.

INDEX AND GLOSSARY

Adminius, in Suet.; or better Amminus, (which is found upon the coins.) A son of Cunobelinos. He went over to Caligula, in Gaul, A.D. 40.

Akko, or Accho, now 'Akka, (*Acre.*)

Amathon; in British mythology, is the lord of husbandry.

Aquæ Sul; *Bath.*

Arden forest; the *Ardennes.*

Ariminum, *Rimini*; town, on the coast of Umbria.

Arx, Lat. citadel.

Aventicum, (*Avenches*;) chief town of the Helvetii.

Axiberg, or Asciburg; on the left bank of the Rhine.

Baal-Tartak: one of the idols of the strange nations, whom the king of Assyria transplanted to Samaria.

Bavin, brushwood.

Beet; (A. Sax. *betan fyr*,) to feed fire with fuel.

Belinus, *v.* Samoth.

Belisama; Celtic goddess, with attributes of Minerva.

Beltain, or beltane; *bel* (unknown,) and *teine*, fire; the first of May, O. Style.

Borde; tack or turn of a ship on the wind.

Branodunum, Brancaster in Norfolk.

Brennus, duke of the Sénones Gauls, defeated the Romans and took Rome, B.C. 390.

Brennus, the Second, invaded Hellas B.C. 280; and perished, at Delphi, in the next year.

Brese, or breeze, A. Sax. *breosa*; gad-fly.

Brigit, daughter of the Dagda; a Goidelic goddess, with attributes of Minerva.

Bronwen, *v.* Samoth.

Bur-et-Tanac, in Semitic speech, Tinland: (*Bur*, mainland, *et*, the, and *tanak*, tin.)

Cade, (Lat. *cadus*;) a pitcher or crock.

Caligula's tower and pharos: (vol. iii. p. 7.) Camden points to certain great (now submerged) substruction, which may be seen at neap tides, by the old mouth of the Rhine; and called *Britten-huis*.

Camulodunum; probably the site of Colchester.

Camulus; Celtic war-god. (Scholars have compared this word with the kindred old Germanic *himil*, with signification of the arch or bent of heaven.)

Carmel: the cape of . . . was called of old, (*Rosh qadosh*,) The holy head(land).

Cartismandua: in Tacitus' Ann.

Cassiobellan, or Cassivelaunos, in Cæs.

Castrum, sing. of classical *castra*; a Roman fortified camp or station.

Cebennæ, *Les Cévennes*.

Chamfer; (in carpentry,) a groove, furrow.

Cheer, (vol. ii. p. 43.) Norman-English *chere*, the face.

Clusium, *Chiusi*; one of the chief of twelve great Etruscan cities.

Commius, was made king of the Atrebates, in Gaul, by J. Cæsar; he was afterwards one also of the territorial kings in Britain. He had become an implacable enemy of the Romans.

Convallis; Lat. a valley-deep, shut-in upon all sides, by mountain steeps.

Coque, or cog; a cockboat.

Corbelo: the site of this place is now lost.

Crome, a crook.

Cularo, town of the Allobroges Gauls; afterwards Gratianopolis, *Grenoble*.

Cunobelinos, son of Tasciovant, king of the Catuvelauni; whose chief dune was Verlamion or Verulam. He was the father of Togodumnos and Caratacus.

Curia; senate-house.

Dagda, the . . ., (Goidelic): this name is thought to signify, the-good-god.

Divitiacus, or better Diviciacos; a powerful king of the Belges Suessiones, in J. Cæsar's time; and of the opposite coast region of Britain.

Divus, divine; title of the deified Roman emperors.

Dubris, *Dover*, (*duur*, water;) the Water-port.

Dunwallon, *v.* Samoth.

Eagor, or eager, the same as the bore, (Scandinavian *baara*, a billow,) in certain rivers; A. Sax. *eagor*, (in eagor-stream,) the sea or ocean-stream. Ægir, in the Northern mythology, husband of Ran, is the giant lord of the Deep.

Ear, or ere; A. Sax. *erian*, (Lat. *arare*,) to plough. The Biblical Revisers consulted, whether they should not let this noble and beautiful Aryan word fall out of the mother-tongue; but they could not make it die.

Emeritus, Lat. one who has finished his service, and is discharged.

Ere, *v.* ear.

Ex clade Romanorum. Ver. From the disaster of the Romans, at Verulam.

Flamen; priest of a Roman deity.

Glib; Goidelic, *glib*, a lock of hair: (commonly the unshorn bush of hair of the ancient Irishry.)

Goibniu; the same as Govannon, divine smith.

Govannon, *v.* Goibniu.

Gride, for gird; to strike: orig. to smite with a yard (A. Sax. *gyrd*) or rod.

Guledig, (*gwledig*;) a prince or duke. The parallel Teutonic word is thought to be that which appears in A. Sax. as *wealdan*; to have power over, to wield or rule.

Hasta pura; spear without an iron head. It was bestowed by Roman dukes, as a singular reward of soldier's valour.

Heremod; a very old Teutonic divine name. It is found in A. Sax.

Hilding, contracted from *hinderling*; as it were, the last one in a drove.

Hinnon; named in Josh. Valley of the children of Hinnom: called later, by the Jews, *Ge* (low or flat ground, and) *Himmom* or, in one word, *Gehenna*; and used as an image of the place of eternal torment.

Hospes, Lat. the citizen, who gives, and the stranger, his friend, who receives inviolable hospitality; according to their mutual sacred bond.

Hosting; band of armed men.

Hulver; holly.

Impluvium; partly covered court in a Roman house. The midst was left open to let the rain (*pluvia*,) fall through, into a cistern, in the floor beneath. The *impluvium*, in great houses, was adorned with statues.

Javan; Hebrew poetic and prophetic appellation of the (Ionians, or) Greek peoples.

Lararium; (Etruscan-Roman,) chapel or closet of the family gods and spirits.

Liger; the *Loire* R.
Lîr; Goidelic god of the sea.
Louver, (Norman-English;) an outlet for smoke.
Lug's dune, *v.* Lugdunum.
Lugdunum, (Lug's dune, *Lyon*;) Lug is the Sun-god.
Lutetia Parisiorum; *Lutéce*, metropolis of the Parisii; now Paris.
Maker; poet.
Manannan, (son of Lîr the sea-god;) semi-divine lord of merchandise.
Mandubratius, son of the king of the Trinobantes, (who had been slain by Cassivelaunos:) he was restored by Cæs.
Manipulus, a band or ensign of soldiers.
Mannus, in Tac. (son of Tuisco;) the father of mankind, and specially of the antique German race.
Mona, now Anglesey.
Mormarusa, Plin. Celtic *mor* and *marw*; Sea-of-the-dead.
Nithing; (A. Sax. the same,) from *nith*, envy, hatred: an evil felonous person.
Noden or Nuth, great sea-god.
Noricum; mountainous country of the Norisci, a Celtic people: now *Styria*.
Ob civem servatum! for a (Roman) citizen's life preserved.
Ogma, *v.* Ogmius.
Ogmius, the Ogmios of Lucian; whom he names, the Celtic Hercules.
Peræa, the; Gr. Peraía, the Beyond (land:) the country on the other side of Jordan.
Pilch, a coat of skins; (Lat. *pelliceus*.)
Prætexta; *toga*, with a border of purple; worn by the children of patricians; and by priests and the Roman magistrates, in their public ceremonies.
Primipilaris; centurion captain of the first century of the veterans; which were the *triarii*, or third line of the Roman army.
Prytaneion: in Greek states, the public building of the city-hearth. Ambassadors were therein entertained; and certain elect citizens, deserving well of their country, were also sustained out of the common purse.
Rabba; Rabbath Ammon.
Randon; (Old Fr.) force, impetuosity.
Rowan, or roan tree; the service or mountain ash.
Sacellum; a small sacred enclosure, or chapel.

Saie, or say ; (Lat. *sagum*,) a garment of coarse woollen.
Salassi, a Gaulish people, inhabitants of the Duria valley: the chief town of their canton, under the Cæsars, was Augusta Praetoria, (*Aosta*.)
Samhain ; the end of *samh*, (Summer.)
Samoth, Sarron, Dunwallon, Belinus: for these names look in Humphrey Lloyd (or Lhuid,) Camden, etc.
Saronides ; Gaulish priests, in Diod. Siculus, (a contemporary of J. Cæsar.)
Sarron, *v.* Samoth.
Scaur, or skar ; whence skerry: (of Scandinavian origin ;) the sharp, shared or scored face of a rock-cliff.
Sebaste ; Greek, the Venerable or Worshipful. Herod thus renamed the site of Samaria, whose ruins he rebuilt: *v.* Shemer.
Sena ; Isle near the coast of Finistère, *Sein*.
Senogallia, (*Senigaglia*,) or Sena ; a town on the Umbrian coast.
Shemer ; the hill of one named . . ., was bought by Omri, king of Israel ; and upon this he built Samaria, (Heb. Shomerôn): *v.* Sebaste.
Simon of Githa or Gitton ; the Samaritan, (Simon Magus.) He was at first baptized by Philip ; but is reported to have become a persistent enemy of the Apostle Peter.
Skean, (Ir. and Gaelic *sgian* ;) generally a two-edged dagger-knife.
Stele, or stale, the stem of a shaft.
Suptung : the giant keeper of the costly mead of glee-craft.
Tabellarius, Lat. registrar.
Tabernaculum ; tent, pavilion.
Tanfana ; in Tac.
Taran, (*Taranis* in Lucan,) Celtic Thunder-god.
Thews ; A. Sax. *theaw*, behaviour.
Tirave, a sheaf or handful ; (of Scandinavian origin.)
Togodumnos, son of Cunobelinos : (Dion Cassius.)
Triclinium, banqueting room ; lit. with three reclining places or couches.
Trimarch ; the three-horsed band. *v.* vol. i. p. 43.
Troynovant : (mythopoietik) name of the ancient settlement, at the head of the Thames' estuary ; now London.
Tussock ; tuft or little hillock of grass.
Ure-ox, A. Sax. *ur* (*urus*,) and ox ; the wild bull, *vulg.* aurochs.
Vallum, rampart of the Roman *castra*. From this Lat. word, comes the (A. Sax. *weal*) Eng. *wall* !
Vates, Lat. author of vaticination, prophet, poet : (Ir. *faith*.)
Vectis ; the Isle of Wight.

Vercellae, (*Vercelli*;) chief town of the Libici, in Cisalpine Gaul, now in *Piedmont.*

Verulam; the site is very near St. Albans.

Vienne, (Vienna,) metropolis of the Allobroges Gauls, upon the R. Rhône; South of Lugdunum, (Lyon.)

Warn, (A. Sax.) to forbid.

Weird: A. Sax. *wyrd*, connected with the verbs worth, (*wearthan*,) and were, (Scand. *vær*,) to be: that which shall happen or become; whence fate, destiny. So Chaucer says; *The wirdes, that we clepen destinee.*

Weyland Smith: A. Sax. *Weland*, son of *Wada*, (Chaucer's Wade;) divine master of all smiths.

Yexing; yex, (A. Sax. *giscian*,) to hiccup.

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